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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS ROSALIND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The heat of this July has caused a manifest disturbance among the pillars of fashion. I meet gilded youths in black frock-coats and white ducks—an incongruous sight, for it suggests the trunk of tyrannical convention sustained by the legs of sportive freedom. As well wear a shirt of chain mail as the black frock-coat with the thermometer at ninety in the shade! The black silk hat is tottering, no doubt; straw hats throng in the clubs without exciting remonstrance; the Prince of Wales has appeared at a Buckingham Palace garden-party in a white hat, though, as Lord Ronald Gower has pointed out, the colour is no mitigation of the shape. Lord Ronald wants to see the cylinder abolished, and yet he attended the unveiling of the Shakspeare memorial in Cripplegate in a black hat, which he weakly strove to explain away with some sophistry about its weight. How an avowed reformer could brandish a silk hat before a bust of Shakspeare I cannot understand, except upon the principle that inconsistency ever haunts even the loftiest minds. The only consolation for Lord Ronald's inexplicable defection is the fact that a legislator has been found in the library of the House of Commons in his shirt-sleeves. That is an innovation which ought to go farther. When the heat compels Mr. Balfour to sit on the Treasury bench in his shirt, faced by Sir William Harcourt in flannels and a Panama hat, I shall believe that the insular stiffness of our manners has yielded to a tropical climate.

That unveiling in Cripplegate which brought Lord Ronald Gower into the public gaze, hatted like any reactionary, suggests a side of Shakspeare that ought to allay the skipping spirits of authors in general with some cold drops of modesty. In Cripplegate churchyard lie the bones of John Hemyng and Henry Condell, actors, who, some years after Shakspeare's death, published the first folio edition of his works. They seem to have been prompted to this, not by any faith in the immortality of the poet who had been their companion, but by the printing of Ben Jonson's masterpieces. They may have reasoned that their friend William was as good as rare Ben, who was not wholly of the same opinion. At any rate, they wished to do a friendly office for the bard who thought so little of his own productions that, for all he cared, they might not have outlived him. Shakspeare's indifference to fame is, from a modern point of view, incredible, and even inhuman. None knew the human heart so well as he, from its elemental passions to its minutest foibles; yet he remains an inscrutable problem—the literary man without vanity. He had the forethought to leave his second-best bedstead to his wife; but it did not occur to him that posterity would need his plays.

In our day even the most inconsiderable talent would not take the chance of being remembered by two gentlemen in Cripplegate. Our literary genius cherishes the modest hope of being regarded hereafter as a monument of its era. It has admirers who collect first editions, and write much about the influence it is to exercise on coming generations. It is careful, as a rule, to arrange materials for biographies and bibliographies. That such matters did not cross the mind of Shakspeare, that he wrote no letters with an eye to publication, that he had no Boswell at the Mermaid, that he ended his life as a plain country gentleman, and died without a scrap of manuscript in the house, with nothing, indeed, to his name save a mulberry-tree, which has multiplied itself among the devout, almost with the mediæval fecundity of fragments of the true Cross; all this is far more astonishing than the mind which created Lear. Just think of William and Ben hobnobbing with never a speculation as to the potency of either over succeeding ages! Imagine the man who had peopled the world of the ideal with a gracious and majestic race which cannot die, spending his last days amidst village politics in absolute indifference to the fate of his stupendous progeny! You can't imagine it; the mind reels at it; it is a reality which makes all other realities mere vapouring phantasms. But two worthy men of Cripplegate, players who may have enacted to the life Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern, first and second citizens, and other shadows that Shakspeare found useful to help a halting story, they bethink them of collecting his dramatic remains, just to show their esteem for an old comrade, the actor-manager who probably had a good name for paying arrears of salary. Talk of life's little ironies! This is the most prodigious stroke of sarcasm in Nature's repertory!

Well, we don't run these horrible risks with our literati now. We brood over their books, great and small, with a solicitude that is almost maternal. In her spirited address at the dinner given to her by the Authors' Club, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett said she knew no quality in man or woman that could be said to have a gender; yet I venture to affirm that our care for the reputations of our authors is quite motherly. As I sat at that dinner, a reviewer among novelists, a hostage for the most sinister branch of the literary calling, I felt a perfect glow of domestic beatitude. Then there came to me, as a mere fantasy of an overwrought brain, a vision of the reviewer in his free and savage state, and I likened him to the heroine of Mrs. Burnett's admirable story, "A Lady of Quality," a book, by the way, full of that force which out-of-date persons still persist in calling masculine. I remembered that Clorinda committed a crime with a perfectly easy conscience; she knocked an obtrusive gentleman on the head, and stowed the corpse in a cellar; she was not haunted by his ghost, nor by remorse in any shape whatever; and I said, "What a magnificent reviewer she would have made!" But when I looked at the prosperous authors around me, some of whom had easily survived the most hostile criticism, I reflected that the critic who is most murderous is the least effective.

One remark in Mrs. Burnett's speech excited my misgivings. She said she did not believe in comparisons. This was painful to the hostage. For him comparisons are the salt of life. They are odious, no doubt, but he makes them with fastidious scruple, coupled with the desire to keep body and soul together. You may push the comparative method too far, as the De Goncourt brothers did in the famous Journal which is ended at last, now that Edmond has joined his beloved Jules in the shades. They had a strong conviction that their views of life and art were superior to all others, and they illustrated this by personal allusions, not always to the liking of their distinguished contemporaries. There is a passage in the Journal about Sainte-Beuve, in which that eminent critic is represented as consulting the De Goncourts on some alphabetical point of pictorial art, on which he proposed to write with an ignorance that deserved an obelisk. So the brothers patiently reared this monument of his limitations, and their own commanding knowledge. There are delightful vignettes in the Journal—Théophile Gautier's humorous extravagance, Turgénev's lovable calm, Taine's serene logic; there is abundance of table-talk that would horrify the decorous in a translation; above all, there is the assurance that the De Goncourts are the only practitioners who can compound in literature the subtlest essences of life.

Certainly they wrote a style which should be studied by people who hold that to be intelligible is the beginning and the end of writing. It is a style which seeks to live in the bone, sinew, and nerves of the subject; which defies etymology to catch the most fleeting sensation; which analyses blood-particles and vivisects delirium. "Le cœur de l'homme est si bizarre," says one of the consequential philosophers of the younger Dumas' dramas. The De Goncourts found so much that is bizarre in the heart of man, that they were in danger of overlooking his occasional simplicity. When Jules was alive, the brothers wrote their novels together on a plan that would appal the easygoing storyteller of these islands. Every chapter was written separately by each, and then the two products were fused together by a process that must have cost inconceivable labour. It is said that when Jules was dying, he struggled to make the last flicker of vitality the subject of professional observation. This is what it is to take art seriously; and though such a spirit may strike the writers of our rough island stories as morbid, as a distemper rather than a devotion, it made some notable contributions to literature.

The little volume which Mrs. W. K. Clifford has modestly entitled "Mere Stories" commends itself if only by its yellow-paper cover, the absence of advertisements before and behind, and other external graces which suggest the simple blooms of the French bookstall. It is refreshing to look back to the recent times when every publisher of fiction swore by all his gods and ledgers that the public would never buy English novels in yellow backs. I ventured then to suggest that the reward of publishing a popular author in this form at half-a-crown might justify the experiment. For Mrs. Clifford the public is asked to pay only two shillings, a price which is excessive in its humility, especially when subjected to the usual discount. Half-a-crown net ought to be the irreducible minimum, for no upright reader can buy eighteenpennyworth of Mrs. Clifford without a guilty sense that he is getting considerably more than a proper equivalent.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S FAREWELL.

Perhaps nothing in Mr. Tree's tenure of the Haymarket has been so remarkable as his last performance on Wednesday. To represent four such different characters as Loris Ipanoff, Falstaff, Svengali, and Gringoire, to adapt one's personality to the humorous, passionate, melodramatic, and poetic in one evening, is certainly an extraordinary feat. Perhaps nothing more clearly showed the actor's art than the suggestion of fatness in Falstaff and thinness in Gringoire. Taking the Loris as representing Mr. Tree's normal bulk, he seemed to have shrivelled up, save in length, in order to be the lucky balladmonger. That he was quite at his best in any one performance cannot be maintained; but that in each there was a noteworthy individuality is certain.

However, it is hardly now in mind to consider merely this particular performance, for the tendency is to look back on the nine years of management and consider how the popular manager and brilliant actor has used his powers. Certainly, in his speech he was not boastful—indeed, he showed no little modesty. One may have complained of certain plays as unworthy—even the popular "Trilby" has not escaped scorn; but, considering the actual state of our drama and the plays available, it must be said that, on the whole, he has aimed high. Why the name of Mr. Pinero does not occur in the record I do not pretend to know. If it did—and how heartily one regrets its absence!—one could say that Mr. Tree has done almost all that lay in his power.

Mr. Tree's management at the Haymarket began on Sept. 15, 1887. His first appearance at the Haymarket as an actor had been made just two years previously—in September 1885. He then figured as Sir Mervyn Ferrand in "Dark Days." After that came his effective picture of the sensual Prince Zaboureff in Mr. Barrymore's "Nadjezda," and, after that, again, his somewhat farcical sketch of the long-haired Herr Slowitz in Mr. B. C. Stephenson's "Woman of the World," a work whose career, so far, has been confined to a matinée. Next, Mr. Tree gave us his conception of Mr. Gilbert's Cheviot Hill in "Engaged," and later in the same year (1886) he followed the late M. Marius as the Jew financier in "Jim the Penman." To 1887 belongs his Stephen Cudlip in Mr. Jones's "Hard Hit," a type of the smooth, insinuating villain.

After this the versatile actor was seen at the Royalty in "The Professor's Wooing," and at the Comedy as Demetrius in "The Red Lamp." It was in the latter play that he began his direction of the Haymarket in 1887. He associated with it, however, his first original production—"The Ballad-Monger" of Sir W. Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock. Mr. Tree's Gringoire in this little piece has ever since been one of the most popular of his impersonations, as Mrs. Tree's Loyse has ever been one of the most acceptable of hers. Husband and wife next figured together in Mr. Jones's "Wealth" and Mr. Wills's "Pompadour"—the Borgfeldt and Narcisse of Mr. Tree being

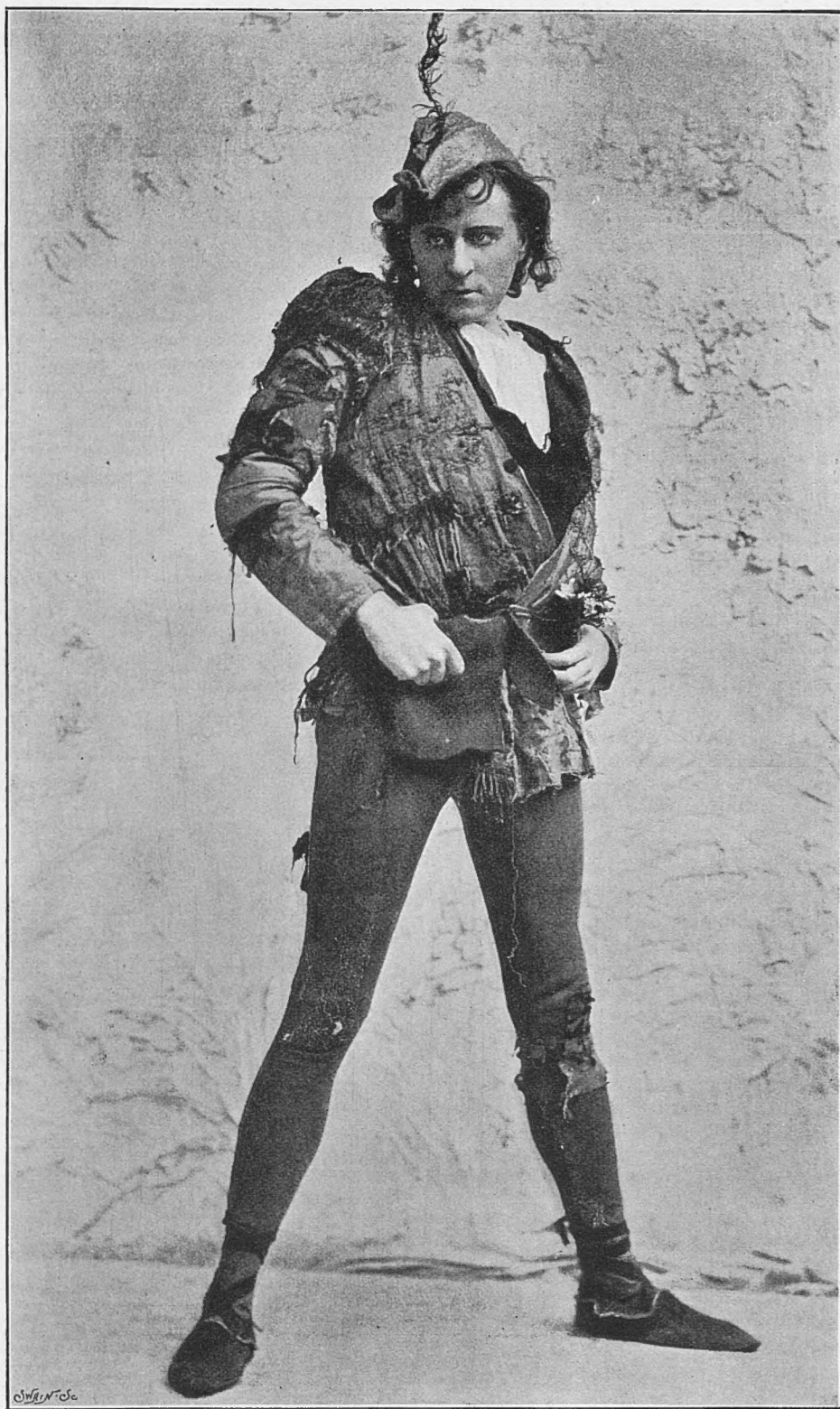
among his most successful efforts. This was in 1888, in which year the actor-manager showed us (in one act of "Othello") what he might do with Iago by-and-by; he was also seen once as Achille Talma Dufard in "The First Night," with Miss Kate Rorke as the young débutante. In 1888 came the triumphs gained by both Mr. and Mrs. Tree in "Captain Swift" and "Masks and Faces" (at a matinée). It was at a matinée in 1889 that Mr. Tree first produced at the Haymarket "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which he had previously "put on" at the Crystal Palace. His Falstaff and Mrs. Tree's Anne Page were at once saluted with approval, and the comedy was duly placed in the evening bill. It was followed by

Mr. Jones's "Wealth," which was not one of Mr. Tree's happiest attempts, and by Mr. Buchanan's "A Man's Shadow," in which the actor-manager for the first time essayed a "dual" rôle. Very clever were his Laroque and Luversan, but not so striking, obviously, as a certain Dubose and Lesurques of our time.

Mr. Tree, however, is nothing if not versatile, and in 1890 came his tender and true old Abbé in "A Village Priest," which in its turn was succeeded by the elegant Beau Austin of Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's invention. In this play we had in Mrs. Tree a truly charming Dorothy Musgrave. (In the meantime, Mr. Tree had essayed King John and Sir Peter Teazle at the Crystal Palace.) A revival of "Called Back" then introduced to us the Pauline of Miss Julia Neilson, who was destined to share henceforth the feminine "lead" with Mrs. Tree. She it was, we all remember, who acted the Dancing Girl to Mr. Tree's cynical but not wholly graceless Duke of Guiseberry. Later in the year (1891) Mr. Tree played Hamlet in the country, reopening the Haymarket with the tragedy in January 1892. This, of course, was a notable turning-point in the artistic career of the ambitious player. As a whole, his Hamlet was accepted, and the Ophelia of Mrs. Tree was voted "sweet" indeed. Then, to show that their sympathies were broad enough to embrace the very latest developments of the drama, both Mr. and Mrs. Tree took part in an afternoon performance of Maeterlinck's "Intruder" (in the English tongue).

Since then we have had from Mr. Tree at the Haymarket "Hypatia," "A Woman of No Importance," "An Enemy of the People," "The Tempter," "The Charlatan," "Once Upon a Time," "A Bunch of Violets," "A Modern Eve" (once only), "John-a-Dreams" (with, for the first time at this theatre, Mrs. Patrick Campbell), "Fédora," "Trilby," and the first part of "Henry IV."—altogether a record of great variety and solid interest, the result of a measure of intelligence, shrewdness, pluck, and hard work of which Mr. Tree has every reason to be proud.

What remarkable things he will do at the splendid new theatre one can hardly guess; but I am sure that when he opens over the way it will be with the heartiest good wishes of our playgoers and critics.

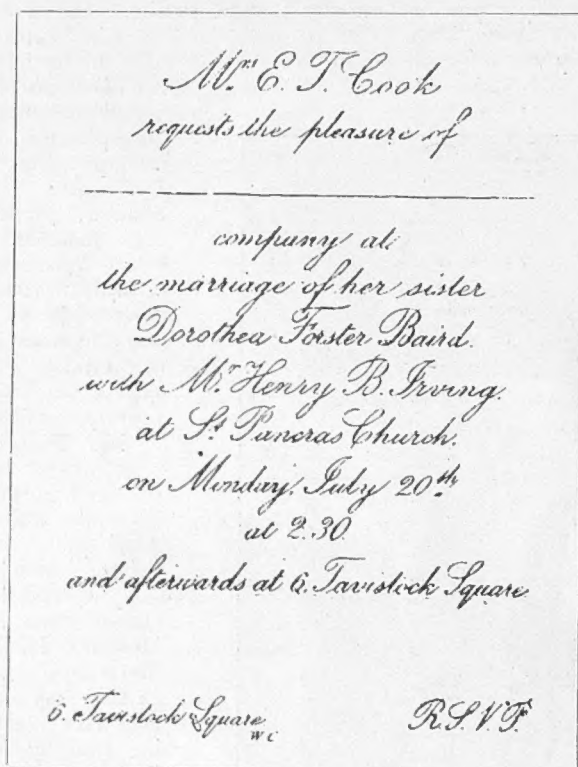


MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS GRINGOIRE IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER."

Photo by Sarony, New York.

THE WEDDING OF TRILBY.

Reality has proved kinder than fiction, and the first exponent of the fascinating Trilby on the English stage has been happily united to the Little Billee of her choice. The metaphor, for which Mr. Tree undertook the responsibility in his farewell speech the other night, falls short of absolute aptitude by reason of the stature of the bridegroom, which



forbids the mind's eye to see him in the part of Mr. Du Maurier's little hero; but still 'twill serve. For on July 20 Miss Dorothea Baird was led to the altar of the Parish Church of St. Pancras by Mr. Henry B. Irving, Sir Henry Irving's elder son, in the presence of a distinguished gathering. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of the *Daily News*, at whose house a reception was afterwards held. The best man was Mr. Laurence Irving, the bridegroom's brother, who, by a curious coincidence, has added considerably to his reputation as an actor by his performance of the rôle of Svengali, but to another Trilby. The bridesmaids were Miss Vera Morgan, a cousin of the bridegroom, and six charming little girls, the children of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. L. Smith, the wife of the well-known Oxford don. The marriage has occasioned a great deal of public interest, owing to the popularity of the two gifted young artists, and the box-office at the Lyceum is said to have been besieged by applications for "orders" for admission to the church. A quaint illustration, truly, of the enthusiasm of the playgoing public!

Miss Dorothea Baird has held a distinguished position on the London stage since her performance of the rôle of Trilby took the town by storm in the autumn of last year. The chief landmarks of her earlier career have been frequently chronicled, but may not unsuitably be told o'er again, since most of them acquire a fresh interest in connection with her pretty wedding. For the record of Miss Baird's provincial novitiate is closely interwoven with that of Mr. H. B. Irving's first associations as a professional actor with "the legitimate" drama.

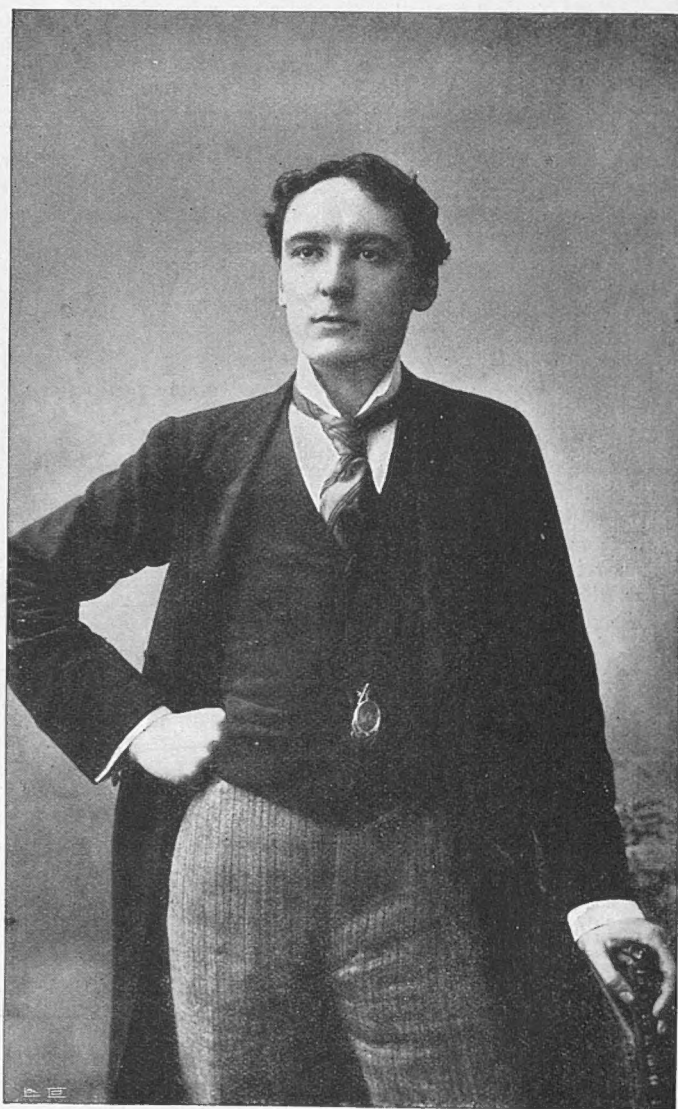
Miss Baird is a daughter of the late Mr. John Forster Baird, barrister-at-law, and is named after a former celebrated member of her family, the Dorothy Forster of Sir Walter Besant's picturesque romance. For the last few years her mother has been living at Oxford, and her first appearance on any stage was made as Petruchio in a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" given at that seat of learning by ladies only. She subsequently appeared as Iris in the revival of "The Tempest" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, whose bright particular "star" Mr. H. B. Irving had then but lately ceased to be.

Two years ago, having had the advantage of studying under Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Baird made a most successful appearance as the heroine of Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," which secured for her an engagement under the banner of Mr. Ben Greet. Mr. H. B. Irving had just joined the company as leading man, with the wise determination of gaining in the country a more varied experience than he could hope to find in town, and for several months Miss Baird "supported" him and Miss Ada Ferrar in such parts as Constance Neville, Georgina Vesey, Kitty Clive in "Masks and Faces," and Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy." After scoring a success as Rosalind at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival of 1895, she was promoted by Mr. Greet to leading parts, notably that of Hermione in "A Winter's Tale," in which Mr. Irving played Leontes. In several rôles of a similarly arduous nature Miss Baird gave promise of latent powers such as are scarcely demanded of the exponent of the Trilby of the play as distinguished from the more complex heroine of

Mr. Du Maurier's novel. The subsequent career of the young actress is a matter of contemporary history, thanks to her winsome embodiment of a heroine already endeared to the public heart ere ever the play of "Trilby" was produced.

Mr. H. B. Irving has been formally before the public for only half-a-dozen years or so, yet he is already popular with playgoers in town and country. The present writer remembers very well the occasion (it was for some charitable object, probably) on which both Mr. Harry and Mr. Laurence Irving made their first appearance on the "boards." It was at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, and the piece in which they figured—they were not far in their teens—was "Box and Cox." It was a very interesting and amusing performance. In due course the elder boy went to Oxford, and what more natural than that he should become a prominent member of the O.U.D.S.? I saw him play there in "Julius Cæsar," and felt sure that, if he should eventually take to the stage, he would make his mark on it. His *Strafford* in a revival of Robert Browning's play and his *King John* were notable achievements for an amateur, and gave evident signs that he had inherited a measure of his father's gifts, though how large that measure was remained to be seen.

By-and-by came the announcement that, though he had been studying for the Bar, Mr. Harry Irving would, after all, embrace his father's profession. Then came his début at the Garrick Theatre as Lord Beaufoy in "School"—one of the most colourless of parts, and one in which no special effect could be made. The young actor had more chances as Philip Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," and made excellent use of them. In "Dick Sheridan," again, he was unlucky. Mr. Buchanan had elected to portray the youthful Sheridan as sentimental and melancholy, and Mr. Irving had to struggle against the depression created by the character. He was much more fortunate in his next rôle at the Comedy—that of De Valreas in "Frou Frou." In this he made a marked success, acting with distinction and charm. He was next seen as Farquhar in "A Leader of Men," and as Lord Petworth in "Sowing the Wind," maintaining if not enhancing his reputation.



MR. H. B. IRVING.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Mr. Irving's latest appearance at a West-End playhouse was made in "The Fool of the Family," which ran a few nights only at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In the provinces and at the chief suburban theatres he has enacted a round of "legitimate" and standard parts in Mr. Ben Greet's touring company. Among these rôles have been Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, Benedick, Jaques, Young Marlow, Charles Surface, Claude Melnotte, Alfred Evelyn, Sir Charles Pomander, Digby Grant, Julian Beauclerc in "Diplomacy," and Ned Annesley in "Sowing the Wind."

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		a.m.	a.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 9 30	10 25
Barmouth	arr. 4 30	5 45
Aberystwyth 4 10	5 30

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 9 30	10 55	1 30
Rhyl	arr. ..	4 0	6 53
Colwyn Bay	4 12	7 23
Llandudno	4 30	7 50
Penmaenmawr	4 48	7 48
Bangor	5 10	8 9
Pwllheli	6 0	7 15
Criccieth	5 54	7 15

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	a.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 10 25	11 20
Blackpool	arr. 4A17	5 39
Morcambe	4 50
Windermere	5 50
Keswick	5 50

A.—On Saturdays Passengers arrive Blackpool at 4 p.m.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Bills.

Euston, July 1893.

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London (King's Cross) .. dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	11 20
Sheringham	arr. 10 11	1 0	2 27
Cromer (Beach)	10 20	1 10	2 35
Skewness	9 29	11 21	1 15
Ilkley	10 22	12 42	..	2 8	3 43	..
Harrogate	10 54	1 0	..	2 22	3 33	..	4 28	..
Scarborough	11 20	2 55	..	3 45	4 50	6 0
Whitby	12 17	4 35	..	4 35	6 4	..
Filey	11 38	3 11	3 30	3 54	..	3 54	5 0	6 23
Bridlington	11 20	2 28	2 54	3 11	..	3 28	4 22	5 53
Saltburn	12 22	4 5	..	A	5 30	6 20

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) .. dep.	12 30	12 40	1 30	2 20	3 0	3 20	4 15	5 45	6 30
Sheringham	4 52	7 9
Cromer (Beach)	5 0	7 15
Skewness	4 13	7 25	9 40	a.m.
Ilkley	6 3	8 57	..	11 5	8 48
Harrogate	6 20	7 32	..	8 40	..	10 53	5 50
Scarborough	6 55	7 10	..	9 45	..	11 40	5 35
Whitby	8 54	..	10 24	6 20
Filey	7 31	8 25	..	10 25	..	6B42
Bridlington	6 44	8 53	..	9 14	..	7B19
Saltburn	8 58	..	11 7	..	6C48

+ Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains.

A. Will run from July 11 to September 26.

B. Not to Filey and Bridlington on Saturday nights.

C. Arrives Saltburn 8.6 a.m. Sundays.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

To Bridlington, Filey, Whitby, Scarborough, Robin Hood's Bay, Redcar, Seaton Carew, Saltburn, Tynemouth, Whitby, Cullercoats, Liverpool, Southport, and Douglas (Isle of Man), each Saturday from King's Cross (G.N.) for 3, 8, 10, 15, and 17 days.

For further particulars see small bills.

Illustrated tourist guides and farmhouse and country lodging lists can be had on application at Great Northern Stations and Receiving Offices, or to the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.

July 1896.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."
 LORD MACAULAY

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—
 MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencair, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR

affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to

Kingsbridge, Dublin.

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

THE PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORTS OF IRELAND ARE SITUATED ON THIS COMPANY'S SYSTEM.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside resort in the Kingdom, and is within a few miles, by rail, of LOUGH ERNE (the Irish Lakes), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun. ROSTREVOR—Balmy and restorative climate. WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, and HOWTH.—Exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the Ruins of MELLIFONT ABBEY, MONASTERBOICE, and NEWGRANGE TUMULUS (the Pyramids of Europe).

CHEAP TICKETS AND CIRCULAR TOURS. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, Dublin, July 1896.
 HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from the Victoria and London Bridge Termini. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available One Month. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton.

EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavillion.

EVERY SUNDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Week-day 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, Week-days, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s. Every Saturday Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE. EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 10.5 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.10 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.10 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day. Return Tickets 18s., 10s. 6d., and 8s.

The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or Saturday to Monday.

EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. For Special Cheap Fares, see Hand-bills.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY (except Bank Holiday, August 3), Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m.

SPECIAL DAY RETURN TICKETS, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris Terminus near the Madeleine.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria .. dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris .. dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ..	10 0 ..	9 55 ..	London Bridge arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris .. arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ..	7 0 ..	7 50 ..

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven. Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour, returning at 5.20 p.m.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Via Newhaven and Ouistreham.—The only Direct Route.

PASSENGER SERVICE EVERY WEEK-DAY.

From London to Caen and from Caen to London. Fares—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s. Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s.—Two Months, 35s.; 32s.; 20s.

ANGLO-NORMAN TOURS.—Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

FOR full particulars see Time-Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

ON MONDAY, AUG. 3, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

FRIDAY, JULY 31.—TO SCOTLAND.

Leave St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. (Four or Nine Days), to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Stonehaven, ABERDEEN, and INVERNESS.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1.

To CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, &c., for Eight Days, from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m.; Kentish Town, 10.9 p.m., and City Stations at corresponding times. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY, available for SIXTEEN DAYS.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Eurlton, Staffordshire Potteries, MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, SHEFFIELD, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle, returning Aug. 6. See Bills for times, &c.

NEW WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, to MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, ISLE OF MAN, MORECAMBE, LANCASTER, and ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. (See Midland Bills.)

MONDAY, AUG. 3.

To MANCHESTER, for Two Days, at 12.5 Sunday midnight.
To BIRMINGHAM, for One or Four Days, and KETTERING, for One Day, at 6.35 a.m.
To LEICESTER, for One Day, at 5.40 a.m.
To ST. ALBANS (Day and Half-day), 8.15 and 11 a.m., and 1 p.m.
To HARPENDEN and LUTON, for One Day, at 8.15 and 11 a.m.
To BEDFORD (day trip), leaving St. Pancras at 8.15 a.m.

SOUTHERN-ON-SEA BY THE NEW AND SHORTER ROUTE. CHEAP DAILY AND WEEK-END TICKETS are now issued to SOUTHERN-ON-SEA from ST. PANCRAS, Kentish Town, and other Midland Stations. (See Special Bills for times, fares, &c.)

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

for the Tourist Season may be had on application.

Derby, July 1896.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

S O U T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

For full particulars of the USUAL EXTENSION of all RETURN TICKETS, &c., see Hand-bills and Programmes.

HAVRE (via SOUTHAMPTON) SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

ON FRIDAY, JULY 31, and SATURDAY, AUG. 1, CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued to HAVRE by the 9.35 p.m. Train from WATERLOO, &c. Return Fare, First-Class 27s. 6d., Second-Class 20s., available to return at 11.45 p.m. any week-day up to and including Saturday, Aug. 8.

DAY-LIGHT TRIP to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice—

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from WATERLOO at 8.55 a.m. (in connection with a boat leaving Southampton at 11.30 a.m.), available to return following Monday, Saturday, Monday Week, Saturday Week, or Monday Fort-night. Return Fare, Third Class by Rail and Fore Cabin by Steamer, 24s. 6d.

SIMILAR TICKETS will also be issued by the 9.35 p.m. Train from Waterloo.

CHEAP TRAINS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at principal Stations—

WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL.

EXPRESS EXCURSION FRIDAY NIGHTS.

At 10.15 p.m., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD, ILFRACOMBE, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY,

At 8 a.m. for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, EXETER, YEOVIL, EXMOUTH, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, CAMELFORD, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, OKEHAMPTON, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD (for Clovelly), TEMPLECOMBE, &c.

At 8.20 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. for 3 (to certain Stations), 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM, SALISBURY, AXMINSTER, HONITON, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and all Stations between SALISBURY and EXETER inclusive.

At 8.20 a.m., 1 and 3.30 p.m., 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to BURNHAM, HIGHBRIDGE, BRIDGWATER, RADSTOCK, BATH, &c.

At 9.15 a.m. for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to LYNTON, BUDE, LISKEARD, CALLINGTON, and GUNNISLAKE (also to LYNTON and BUDE at 11 a.m.).

At 11 a.m. for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to PADSTOW, ST. COLUMB, and NEWQUAY.

At 3.30 p.m., EXPRESS EXCURSION, for 3 (to certain Stations), 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to SALISBURY, SIDMOUTH, EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, TORRINGTON, &c.

BOURNEMOUTH, THE NEW FOREST, AND COASTS OF HAMPSHIRE AND DORSET.

At 9.5 a.m. for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 11.55 a.m. for 3, 10, or 17 days to WEYMOUTH and DORCHESTER, for 10 or 17 days to POOLE, WAREHAM, CORFE CASTLE, SWANAGE, &c., and for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to BOURNEMOUTH, LYMINGTON (for Yarmouth and Freshwater), NEW FOREST, &c. By payment of 20 per cent. on fares, passengers may return by certain trains on the intervening Saturdays or Sundays.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

At 1.10 p.m. for 4, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to BASINGSLOKE, WINCHESTER, EASTLEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON, GOSPORT, FAREHAM, ROMSEY, SALISBURY, &c. Also for four days to NEWPORT, COWES, YARMOUTH, &c.

At 1.15 p.m. for 4, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, and at 2.45 p.m. for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to MIDHURST, PETERSFIELD, ROWLANDS CASTLE, HAVANT, FRATTON, EAST SOUTHSEA, and PORTSMOUTH.

At 1.15 p.m. for 4 days to RYDE, SANDOWN, SHANKLIN, VENTNOR, &c.

At 3.40 p.m., EXPRESS SERVICE to RYDE, and STATIONS in the ISLE OF WIGHT (Brading, Bembridge, and St. Helens excepted), for 4 days. Tickets for 8 or 11 days will also be issued to Stations in the ISLE OF WIGHT. Return Fare, Third Class, 12s.

For full particulars of the usual Holiday Excursions to Seaton, Sidmouth, Exeter, Barnstaple, Torrington, Ilfracombe, Okehampton, Devonport, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, Southampton, Salisbury, Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Aldershot, Farnham, Virginia Water, Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., see Hand-bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

TO THE CONTINENT.

VIA QUEENBORO—FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

Great Saving in Time. Great Improvements in Service.

The Magnificent new 21-KNOT PADDLE STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Company, of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.

Most Perfect Route to Northern and Southern Germany.

BERLIN—LONDON in 20 hours - - Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.

LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 hours - - Arrival Dresden, 12.41 a.m.

LONDON—BALE in 23 hours.

Time Tables and all Information Free on Application to the

ZEELAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY, AT FLUSHING, OR AT 44A, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"MINES AND MAGNATES."

The Book of the Hour.

MR. MAGNUS:

A Romance of the Great Ruby Mine. Cloth, 6s.

"A brilliant piece of work."—DAILY TELEGRAPH. "Will find many appreciative readers."—ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

"The more widely it is read the better."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. "The story is good and well told."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"Vivid and convincing."—DAILY CHRONICLE. "A most readable story."—GLASGOW HERALD.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Seventh Edition, Revised. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys., Lond., &c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Evils of Corpulency; the Cause of Weak Heart; Diet—A Safe and Permanent Cure; Quack Medicines or Drugs, permanently Injurious or Fatal in; Food Required, Amount of; Food, its Use and ultimate Elimination; Fat, its Use in the Body; Over-Eating, Evils of; Food in its Relation to Work; Exercise; Stimulants in Corpulency; Water, Aerated Drinks, &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

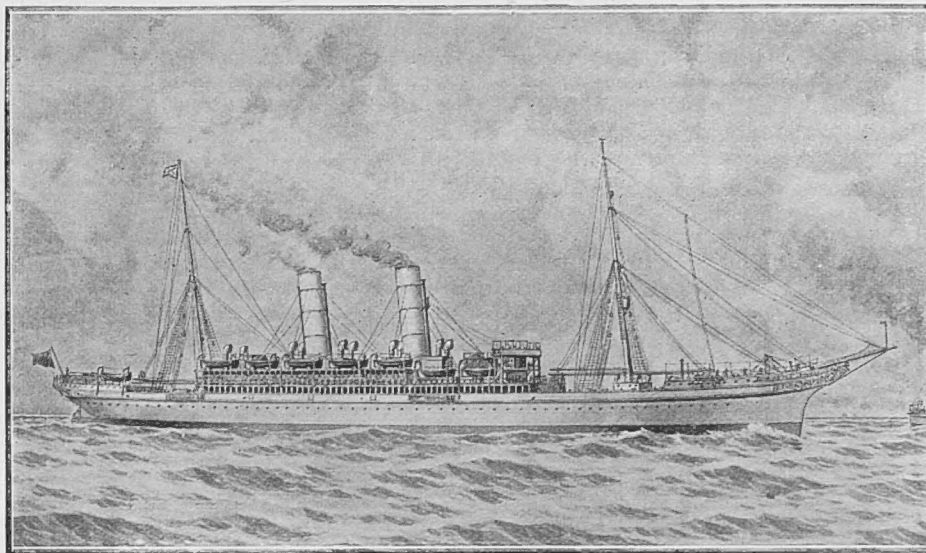
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "The best work on corpulency that has ever been written."—EVENING NEWS.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly.

A STARTLING OPERATION.

If any colossal cataclysm of nature were certain to happen and swallow up this island, and I were asked to say which product of our nation would most adequately represent its progress in the sciences and arts, I should feel disposed to choose one of the great ocean steamers, and if any one suggested to me that the *Greater Scot* would be the best representative, I should hardly say no. For in this stupendous monument of human ingenuity, this sailing palace, seems summed up all we know of the luxury that may come from science. However, it is not in my mind to give a description of the *Scot* as it used to be last year, though its history was not uninteresting. For the Union Steamship Company, when its intelligent directors a few years ago saw how prodigiously our trade with South Africa was to be increased, incurred no little ridicule when they caused the *Scot* to be built. People who ought to have known better laughed at the idea of building a steamship half a thousand feet long, with a tonnage of nearly seven thousand, for the trade which in late years has grown so tremendously. "They laugh best who laugh last" is true enough, and within three years after the launching of the *Scot* it was found necessary to add the *Norman*, a larger, longer vessel, to the fleet for service to the South Africa which is now so painfully fertile in history.

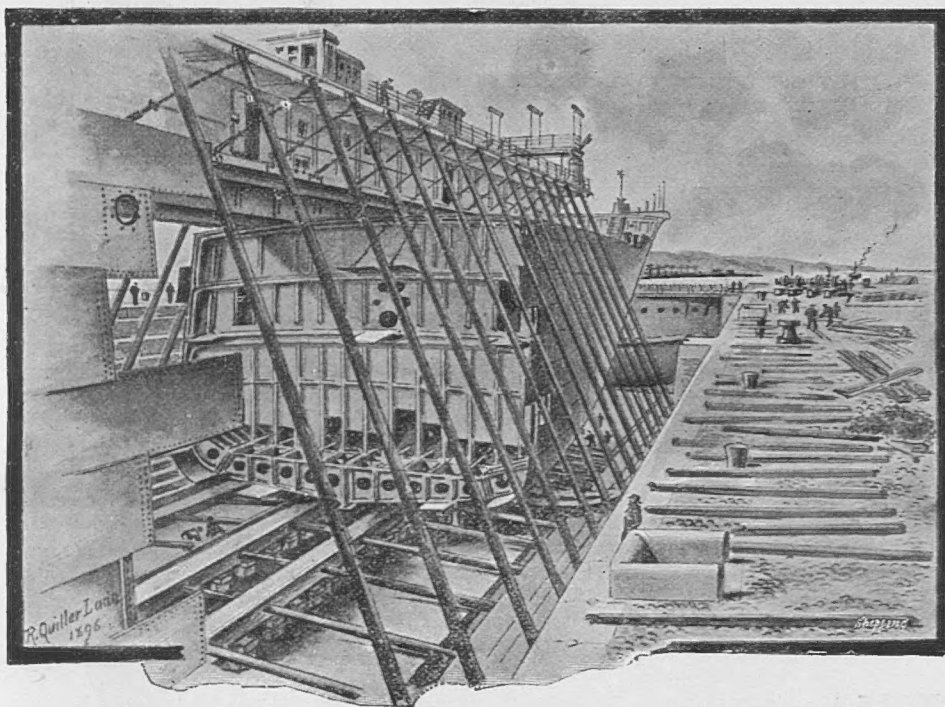
What became then of the *Scot*, which for some time held the blue



THE UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S R.M.S. "SCOT."

For the first operation literally was to cut the huge ship into two halves, and since it was deemed necessary not to injure the main saloon, it was thought advisable to make an amputation which in line suggested the famous Greek fret. No doubt, cutting is a somewhat inexact term, since an important part of the divorce was a matter of boring out rivets. However, there was a great deal of vigorous employment of saw and axe ere it was possible to use the prodigious hauling gear which had been contrived to draw each of the masses, weighing nearly three and a-half thousand tons, apart to the needful distance.

It may be comparatively easy to move a huge ship in the sea. We all know, particularly fishermen, from experience how light and mobile appears everything in the density of the water. It is not a remarkably hard thing, perhaps, availing oneself of the force of gravity, to launch a ship; but the actual difficulty of dragging these enormous masses on the dry level was gigantic. However, the modern engineer is like the ancient who only demanded adequate fulcrum and long-enough lever to raise the world. Without hitch, without apparent strain, the two moieties indulged in their divorce, and there was built as bond of union fifty-four feet of ship, which was rendered truly homogeneous with the older parts. No one to-day could guess that the *Greater Scot* has what may be called the biggest patch in history—one, in fact, on which no other effort of the kind could be called a patch. Now, the ship is almost five hundred and sixty feet in length, nearly fifty-five in breadth, thirty-four in depth, and her gross tonnage approaches eight thousand. From my point of view, this engineering feat, which involved colossal force, and also the utmost delicacy and truth in adjustment, is one of the most astounding of modern efforts. Yet, to the traveller to the lower coast of the continent of Ham, the most striking features of the boat, commonly called the "Albatross of the South," must be its exquisite cuisine, its superb decoration, and its luxury of appointment.

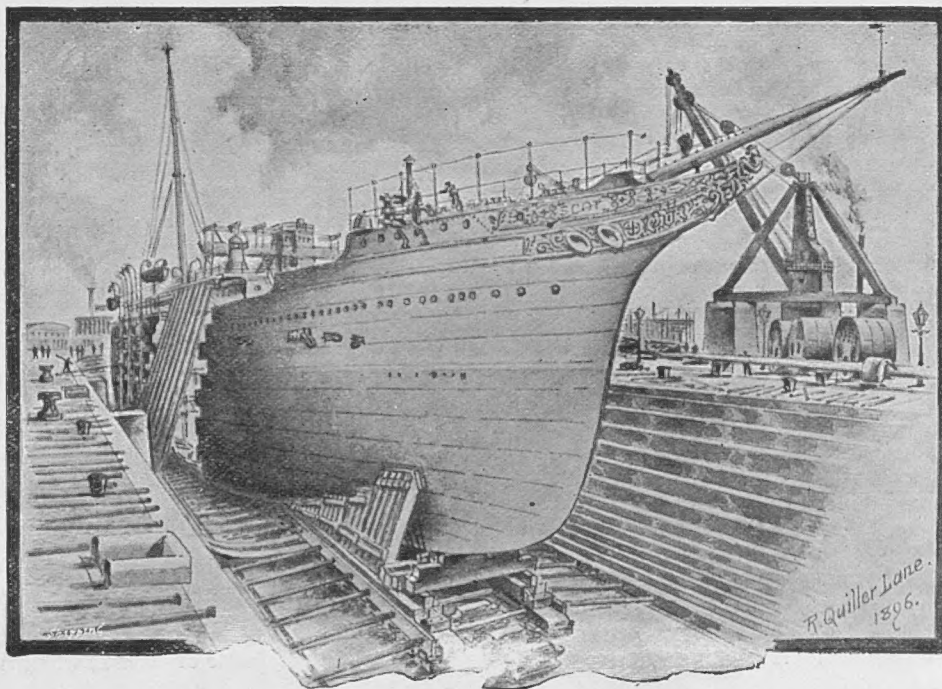


VIEW ON STARBOARD SIDE, LOOKING FORWARD, AFTER BEING HAULED FIFTY-FOUR FEET.

riband of the South African service? Some people would simply have thrust it into the background, have humbled it as if it were like one of the night boats in the Channel service. However, the Union Steamship Company had been proud of its boat, and felt loth to see its bow out of joint; consequently, in order to enable the *Scot* to hold its own, it has been converted into the *Greater Scot*.

"Great Scott!" one is disposed to say; "what does it mean?" It means that lately an operation has been performed upon the superb steamship which to the layman must seem astounding, and truly is. We have all been staggered from time to time at the daring and address of the surgeon. Since the operation of Taliacotius, towards the end of the sixteenth century, in rebuilding human noses, to modern engrafting of skins, completion of hare-lips, and *tutti quanti*, we have always marvelled at the repairs that man can do; but what is an artificial nose, even if it be peculiarly, inconveniently sensitive, like the "Nez du Notaire" of Edmond About's novel, compared with the addition of fifty-four feet in length in the thickest, loftiest part of a steamer.

There is something fantastic in the idea of cutting a steamer in two and patching the middle with a strip almost equal in length to a cricket pitch. Of course, such an operation was one of immense difficulty, as well as of great daring. The first thing necessary was to find a graving-dock capable of holding a ship even then as long as St. Paul's Cathedral. Fortunately the famous Belfast firm of Harland and Wolff has the Alexandra Graving-Dock, the second largest in the world, so the *Scot* travelled up to the North-East of Ireland, there to undergo a very radical transaction, to wit, that of being cut in two.



STARBOARD BOW VIEW AFTER BEING MOVED FIFTY-FOUR FEET.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen held an investiture on Wednesday. The most interesting personality of the occasion was Lord Kelvin, who received the badge of the Knight Grand Cross of the Victorian Order. Yesterday the Crown Prince of Denmark was invested with the Garter, and his two sons with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

Royalty is once again the dominant note of public interest now Princess Maud is being married to Prince Charles of Denmark, of which more is told in the supplement to *The Sketch* this week. Let me here say, however, that the last British Princess who married a Danish Prince was also, curiously enough, a daughter of a Prince of Wales, namely,



PRINCESS CAROLINE MATILDA.

Caroline Matilda, the posthumous daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and granddaughter of George II. Her marriage to Prince Christian of Denmark was arranged when the poor little bride was only fourteen years old, and the ceremony was performed by proxy two years later, in 1766, and it is on record that the Princess, or Queen, as she had become, betrayed great grief at leaving England. The marriage proved a very unhappy one. Horace Walpole describes the King in repulsive colours, and he certainly treated his English Queen very unkindly, brought shameful accusations against her, and finally allowed her to die alone and neglected in Hanover.

As seems to have been the fashion in those days, the unhappy Queen wrote long letters to her English friends describing in piteous terms the misery and monotony of her life. It is strange that the world should have so changed in the last hundred and twenty years. Then the British fleet had to be dispatched to the Baltic in order to afford indirect protection to King Christian's Queen; now the most popular and best-loved personality in her Majesty's dominions is the "Sea Kings' daughter from over the sea."

While on the subject of royal marriages, I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce two funny old prints relating to Albert Edward in babyhood and boyhood. His Royal Highness, you remember, was born in 1841 at Buckingham Palace, and this print shows his Magnificence seated in a gorgeous goat-chaise, with the vast Prince of Wales's feathers towering above his poor little head. It must have struck the imagination of many people at the time, as it will tickle the fancy of the Prince's subjects to-day. Scarcely less amusing is the primitive cut of his Royal Highness dressed as a gallant tar. How long ago it all seems, as we note his curling locks, and the primeval breech-loading cannon which was supposed to defend our sea-girt isle!



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS BABY-CARRIAGE.

The Duke and Duchess of York, unlike some royal personages, are blessed with a sense of humour. At Richmond the other day they graced the opening of the Princess May ward of a children's hospital. Subscriptions to this excellent institution were presented to the royal visitors in purses. One small child mounted the platform with a purse, but could scarcely be persuaded to give it up. A little old lady in a startling costume made the regulation curtsy and was going off, when she was reminded that the purse was still in her hand. She said, "Dearie me!" and rushed back to the royal presence. The etiquette of

the occasion caused some perplexity, and several people attempted to bow themselves off the platform backwards. These proceedings kept the Duke and Duchess in fits of suppressed laughter, which I trust, found a wholesome vent when their Royal Highnesses were in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.



THE PRINCE AS A SAILOR-BOY.

I have a great sympathy with Mr. Haweis. He has had a row with the Excise authorities. I do not quite grasp all the details, but it appears that Mr. Haweis was summoned and fined for delay in the payment of his licence for a man-servant in a bright-blue livery. I admire Mr. Haweis's taste in colours, and I see no discredit in withholding payment for his licences to the latest possible moment. The Excise officials have informed the world that Mr. Haweis was fined in 1895 and 1894—as if that were any disgrace! Many excellent people allow themselves to be summoned for rates, and then pay a shilling for the summons, without feeling that their personal credit has been lowered. Mr. Haweis seems to have compelled the Excise to refund money, and that always annoys a Government department. I shall keep an admiring eye in future on that bright-blue livery: it is, so to speak, the banner of freedom for taxpayers to pay their taxes when they please.

Following the example of many Indian potentates, the King and Queen of Siam are sending their two sons, Prince Ben, Prince Chajradongse, and one of their nephews, Prince Vibhandu, all nice-looking lads, to complete their education in England. The Queen, of whom I give a back view, is, notwithstanding her somewhat absurd costume, a woman of considerable culture, and it is said to have been owing to her efforts that the King consented to part with his heirs, both, it should be added, her own children. The young Princes have been brought up in the European fashion, and have always worn either French or English clothing. Their mother clings to the curious, full knickerbockers made of soft silk and the loose jacket generally worn by the Siamese lady of rank. With this incongruous costume she affects the etceteras of a Parisian toilette, and her little feet are shod in French high-heeled slippers. The Princes have been accompanied to Europe by two aides-de-camp, a secretary, and a couple of English tutors, also by their uncle, Prince Bhanurangsi.



COSTUME OF THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

A correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* has two sons who dance and sing comic songs. The last time he went to church he found that the vicar had invited to the pulpit a stranger, who declared dancing and comic songs to be passports to eternal damnation. The correspondent asks whether the decline of churchgoing is to be wondered at. Two or

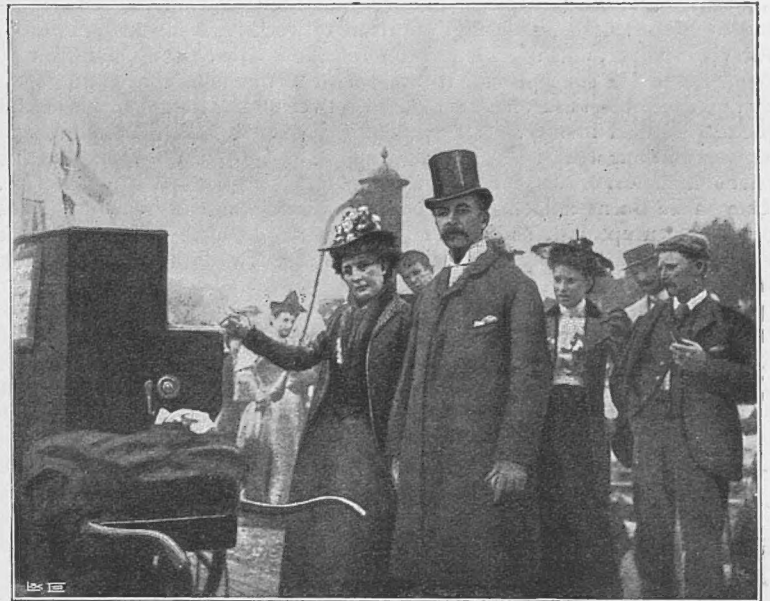
three years ago one of the most notorious Sabbatarians was sent as chaplain to a watering-place in Germany, where he informed the visitors that it was wrong to read newspapers and novels and listen to bands on Sunday. All this absurdity springs from the assumption that whenever an ignoramus is in holy orders he has a right to use the pulpit for the exhibition of his stupidity. Having no safeguard against this practice—for it is not considered decorous to rise in your pew and move that the reverend gentleman be no longer heard—the layman spares himself much tedium and irritation by staying away from church.

What a triumph the third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords would have been for the late Mr. Thornton had he but lived to enjoy it! Mr. Thornton—who died some twelve years ago, at a patriarchal age—was for many a year the great supporter and advocate of this measure. A partner in the old City Banking House of Williams Deacon and Co., Mr. Thornton—who, I remember well, when I was a boy, was a familiar figure in the old Clapham Road, down which he daily drove in a high, old-fashioned yellow gig, perhaps the last genuine gig that made journeys to the City—could afford to lavish money without stint on the object he had at heart, and spent from first to last probably over a quarter of a million on this much-delayed measure. Mr. Thornton was personally interested in the success of the Bill, inasmuch as he had married two sisters, the daughters of the late Archdeacon Dealtry, who was, I believe, for many years rector of the plain-looking old church on Clapham Common. It is probable that Mr. Thornton was too zealous in his support of the measure. He never gave it any rest, and I have heard it said that, had he let it drop for a few years and then renewed it, the intense opposition aroused would possibly have been lessened.

Mr. T. Batsford has issued a volume of selections from the first volume of a work which presumably either has been or will be published upon modern opera-houses and theatres. These selections are, however, sufficient to show that the complete work will be a very handsome and valuable record of the architectural construction, the beauties, the comforts, the failures, the superfluities of all the principal theatres of Europe. The letterpress, by Mr. E. O. Sachs and Mr. E. Woodrow, is excellently and simply written, and the plates—so many of them as are here included in the selections—are reproduced with immense care and accuracy.

A correspondent has sent me a snapshot of Viscount Hinton (the son of Earl Poulett) and his wife, erstwhile Miss Anne Sheppey, a lady of the ballet. Lord Hinton is a familiar figure to Londoners, especially in the Holborn district. I often see him of a Saturday afternoon with his organ in the classic haunts of Bloomsbury, and quite recently, as I took occasion to mention in these columns, he

ran a penny show in Leather Lane, where he exhibited a phonograph. I do not know how long his lordship has been turning that handle, and I sometimes wonder whether he will, when he succeeds to the title, continue to turn it. Now that the Welsh Choir has been discoursing sweet music on the Terrace of the House of Commons, I foresee a possibility of the future Earl Poulett soothing with the sweet strains of



VISCOUNT AND LADY HINTON.

the popular ditties of the day the savage breast of his fellow-peers after a heated debate at the House. The supporters of Lord Poulett's arms, by the way, are a savage man and a woman, with wreaths on their temples and leaves on their loins.

The Boston Artillerymen were to leave for home yesterday. During the last few days they have broken up, some of them going to the Continent—"Europe," as the Americans so quaintly call it—and some of them to different parts of the United Kingdom. I am eager to see the stories they will tell their interviewers of the Boston press when they get home, for their keen eyes have, doubtless, noticed many points that have long since been taken for granted by Englishmen.



THE "ANCIENT AND HONORABLES" OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

Scotland has already at least half-a-dozen statues of Robert Burns, and by the end of the year two more will have been added to the number, one at Paisley, to be unveiled some months hence, and another at Irvine, unveiled on Saturday by the Poet Laureate. It is regretfully to be confessed that among all the sculptured presentments of Burns, not only in his native land, but in America and in Australia, there is not one which may be regarded as altogether satisfactory. The character might naturally seem most inspiring to a sculptor's imagination and art; there is always the unfailing Nasmyth portrait to work from for a likeness, and the vivid colour, and even enterprise, of the poet's career should surely suggest a plastic conception that would show forth a man vital and human. But his sculptors, so far, have vacillated between "bleating" sentiment and pseudo-classical inanity. His own countrymen have failed lamentably to suggest in their work either the dignity, the breadth, or the variety of the poet's character, or, what should be even simpler, to give a pleasing exterior. They made Burns a lackadaisical fop or a bumpkin, and when he is not painfully enraptured, as in Sir John Steel's London and New York statues, he is absolutely expressionless, as in a few statues that need not be particularised.

The statue which the Poet Laureate unveiled at Irvine is by Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, A.R.S.A., Edinburgh, and the photograph of one view of it reproduced here indicates how absolutely the sculptor has departed from the traditional treatment of the subject. He is undoubtedly the first to grasp the character as a whole, as ploughman and poet; to set his figure manfully on its legs, concede it a backbone



BURNS' STATUE AT IRVINE.

Photo by Inglis, Edinburgh.

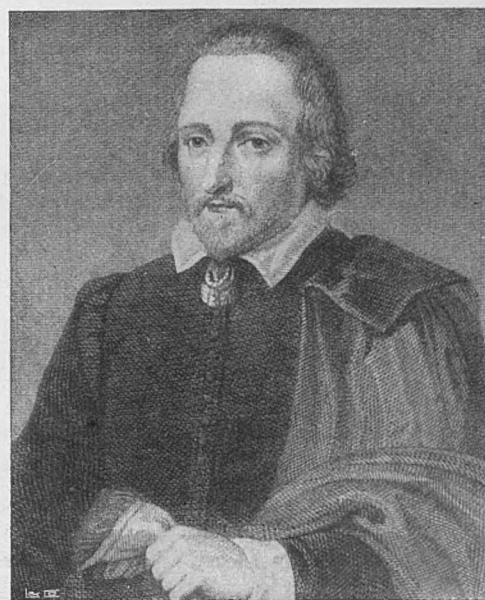
and more than one emotion. Hitherto Burns has emerged from the sculptor's hands the embodiment of only one concrete, shallow idea; the Irvine statue seeks successfully to embody Burns in the abstract. Nothing could be more startling than the variety of expression and sentiment which the figure has from different points of view, but our photograph by itself shows how finely the subject is treated as a whole. The figure shows Burns at his best—which was, doubtless, after he had escaped the enervating influence of Edinburgh society and (with his hair still *en queue*) was back to the soil. He wears the coat and breeches of the period, and the Scots plaid, which makes a natural, national, and correct accessory to his costume, and at the same time gives the bronze

flowing lines and all the classic effect it is desirable to associate with Burns. There can be no question that the head is far and away the closest approximation to the popular idea, *plus Nasmyth*, that has yet been secured; and from any point of view, and at any reasonable distance, the contour reveals the identity of the subject. The Irvine statue has been presented to the burgh by Mr. John Spiers, a wealthy Glasgow merchant, who, with considerable insight, himself selected the sculptor.

Mr. MacGillivray is, in Scotland, remarkable as the most virile and original exponent of the newer school of sculpture, being of those who strive to express emotion and character rather than among the worshippers of a smooth and classic perfection of parts. His work, while distinctly personal in quality, shows evidence of having been influenced in attitude by the masters who have made the modern Naturalistic movement on the Continent. That an opportunity to embody one of the greatest precursors of the same movement in literature should have been given to this artist was, in some measure, an example of the fitness of things.

Who is the busiest man in London? It would be a hard matter to say, but undoubtedly Sir Walter Besant runs a good chance of first place. Not content with fighting the "wild beasts" of the publishing fraternity of Belfast, his work on the Survey of London, his novel-writing, his labours in aid of the Authors' Society, and a thousand-and-one other hobbies, he has taken some of the Elizabethans under his broad wing, and on Saturday week unveiled a stained-glass window in memory of Philip Massinger. This is the first of a series of memorial windows it is proposed to place in the restored nave of the old Priory Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, in memory of the great Elizabethan dramatists.

The window to Massinger, who is buried in St. Saviour's, is a single lancet, designed by Mr. C. E. Kempe, having for its subject the great poet's tragedy, "The Virgin-Martyr." It is divided into three panels; in the top one is a medallion portrait of Massinger; in the middle a scene from the drama; and in the lower panel a presentment of Dorothea, the Virgin-Martyr. The spot under which tradition asserts that Massinger lies, in the same grave with John Fletcher, was on Saturday week covered with laurel. To a distinguished audience Sir Walter spoke of Massinger's life, labours, and greatness, and discoursed most eloquently.



PHILIP MASSINGER.

The magnificent east window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the effect of which, it was contended, was marred by the colours of the Queen's Westminster, has a rather interesting history. The magistrates of

Dort gave this window to Henry VII., who purposed putting it in his Chapel at Westminster, but died before it could be erected. Succeeding events prevented its use by bluff King Hal, who passed it on to the Abbey of Waltham, where it remained till the dissolution of the religious houses, and was then sent by the last Abbot of Waltham to a private chapel at New Hall, where, by a somewhat curious coincidence, it subsequently became the property of the father of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth, at a later period, gave it to the Earl of Sussex, from whom it passed to that favourite of the Scottish Solomon, Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Oliver Cromwell was the next owner of New Hall and its celebrated window—which, by the way, it is a wonder he did not destroy. At the Restoration New Hall reverted to the second Duke of Buckingham, who sold the property to that maker of English history General Monk. A later and less celebrated owner sold the window to Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, and the historic glass departed from New Hall, where it had been so long. In 1758, when St. Margaret's was being restored, it was bought for that church for four hundred guineas. The late Charles Winston, a great authority on glass, pronounced this window, for its harmonious arrangement of colouring, the most beautiful work he knew. In this window are counterfeit presentments of Arthur Prince of Wales (brother of Henry VIII.) and his bride, Catherine of Aragon, while there are figures of St. George with the red and white rose of England, and St. Catherine with the emblem of Granada, the bursting pomegranate.

"The General"—the lovely little black-and-tan toy-terrier who adds to his long list of honours every time he enters the ring in competition—is one of several valuable dogs owned by Miss Darbyshire. He is the son of "Masher" and "Daisy," and though only a little over two years old, the date of his birth being April 17, 1894, he has already taken the championship for the best toy-terrier dog on the show-bench. At the recent show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in Holland Park he took the champion prize and three firsts. He is just over five pounds in weight; his shape is graceful beyond description; he is full of intelligence and vivacity, while his jet-black coat and brilliant tan



"THE GENERAL."

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

points, with a sheen of the richest satin, gain for him admiration on all sides. His mistress is one of the original founders—or rather, is the founder—of the Ladies' Kennel Association. She is also the superintendent of the Wheel Club, and her kennels are not the least among the many attractions of Hereford House.

I am able to reproduce a photograph of A Squadron of the 7th Hussars, before leaving Pietermaritzburg for Matabeleland, under the command of Captain Carew. This officer is well known as one of the best polo-players in the Army; he is a hard man to beat after pig, he is a capital shot—and, indeed, a good all-round sportsman, which, however, has not prevented him becoming an able soldier.

The South African League is the name of a new association formed at East London to represent British interests. The first congress of the League was held at Queenstown in May, under the presidency of Dr. Darley Hartley. The progress that the League has made is phenomenal. It was formed in March, at East London, and now possesses three thousand members. It is progressive, and, therefore,



THE SOUTH AFRICAN LEAGUE.

Photo by Ford, Queenstown.

anti-Bond, although not anti-Dutch. Its aim is practically this—to promote good government within and amicable relations between the various States and Colonies in South Africa. The League, apparently, means to interest everybody concerned in its operations, and even a ladies' branch is formed. I reproduce a picture of the leading lights.

That morbid section of the public which delights in reading such works of fiction as "The Island of Doctor Moreau," and in gloating over the detailed reports of executions and of suicides' last moments, will, no doubt, flock in their hundreds to the Aquarium this week in order to behold the Frenchman Durand in his great six-days' hanging act while under the influence of hypnotism. A spasmodic kick at intervals, and now and again a sudden contraction of the fingers, were the only signs of life that he vouchsafed to his audience on Saturday last.

On dit that Max Beerbohm, wit, littérateur, caricaturist, and clever amateur generally, is engaged to Miss Grace Conover, of the Haymarket Theatre. If the news be true, I trust the lady will use her influence to persuade him to return to literature, and not be tempted into



CAPTAIN CAREW.

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta.

silence by Suburbia in accordance with the determination expressed in the *Pageant*. They are both to be congratulated.

The resemblance between McKinley and Napoleon has often been noted, and lately an enterprising American paper has even published a detailed pictorial comparison, feature by feature, of the faces of the two men. For this purpose Delaroche's painting of the Emperor at Fontainebleau, after his abdication, was used.



"A" SQUADRON OF THE 7TH HUSSARS BEFORE LEAVING PIETERMARITZBURG FOR MATABELELAND.



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON, NOW APPEARING IN "THE LITTLE GENIUS,"
AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

As I sat in the Novelty Theatre the other evening, I could not help thinking of the irony of circumstance which had made it the first English home of Ibsen, for it was here that Miss Janet Achurch produced "A Doll's House" in 1889. Under Miss V. St. Lawrence it has become the home of the wildest melodrama, varied by farce. Last week Miss St. Lawrence produced Mr. Sydney Grundy's amusing farce, "The Arabian Nights," taking the part herself of the Guttapercha Girl. The performance all round, of course, fell short of the Comedy production, and yet the piece amused me so mightily, despite the heat, that I could not help wondering at the lack of ingenuity among managers who confine "The Arabian Nights" to the country. Miss St. Lawrence played the part on a very bold scale indeed—for the Great Queen Street effects have to be pretty broad—but there was spirit in her work. The entertainment altogether was one of the cheapest I have ever attended. It started with a performance of the comedy "A Bed of Roses," which, while amusing enough, is certainly not Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's top note. Then we had two extra turns not included in the printed programme. A young lady came forward and sang a song about Jerusalem, which was a strange prelude to the wit of Mr. Sydney Grundy, as displayed in "The Arabian Nights." She followed it by warbling "Home, Sweet Home," and then we had Mr. Walkes's duologue "A Pair of Lunatics," after which Mr. Arthur Hummington went through the story of the adventures he encountered when, disguised as Haroun-al-Raschid, he met Miss Rosa Columbier, the Guttapercha Girl. This week Miss St. Lawrence stages "Tribby."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has done well to publish (through Macmillan) his luckless play "Michael and his Lost Angel." Mr. Joseph Knight contributes an enthusiastic preface, in which he declares that the loves of Michael and Audrie seem to take rank with the masterpieces of human passion, and Mr. Jones adds a note giving the actual receipts of the ten nights' run, which were £100 higher than the receipts for the first ten nights of "The Middleman." Why did "Michael" fail? Mr. Jones, in the estimation of many people, had never done anything better. Mr. Knight thinks that the rebuff which the play encountered was due to the preconceived attitude of some representatives of public opinion rather than to any misunderstanding between Mr. Jones and the public. This, however, remains to be said, that the play reads admirably, and the whole circumstances surrounding its production ought to secure for it a big sale. Mr. Jones hints that he may introduce "Michael and his Lost Angel" again to the English public "under happier auspices,"



MISS AMY AUGARDE AS THE NEW BARMAID.

Photo by Berry, Liverpool.

and it is not unlikely that at some future date, when the tide has turned, it may be greeted by the majority with the enthusiasm that it aroused in the minority.

Notwithstanding that the ordinary barmaid has been rendered busier than ever by the heat, "The New Barmaid," who transferred herself to the Opera Comique, has had to succumb—cumb—cumb, as they say in

"The Mikado," which, I am glad to see, is once more holding the Savoy. Miss Lottie Collins's predecessor in the provinces was Miss Amy Augarde, whose portrait I reproduce as she stands behind a brilliant bar.

I am glad to note that Miss Edith Johnston is back to the London stage again, though she figures in only a small part, that of the Honourable Miss Byng in "The Little Genius," at the Shaftesbury Theatre.



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Miss Johnston hails from Birmingham, and may be remembered in "Jane Annie" three years ago at the Savoy. Some day she will get her chance, of which she may be trusted to make good use.

My self-esteem has suffered a serious shock. For years I have been under the impression that I knew something about the theatrical and music-hall world of London. With this idea, and another to the effect that, like Gus Elen's mare, I had "earned my little feed of corn," I recently went for a short holiday. My headquarters were a country village. My excursions took me to remote corners of the county, where the railway is a thing unknown. At one of these little corners—name suppressed for obvious reasons—I chanced upon posters, placards, and a condition of great local excitement. In the sacred cause of charity there would be sports, a bazaar, and a variety entertainment. So far, so bad; but there was worse to follow. "A select company of the brightest London 'stars,'" said the placard, and I thought that there was a good time coming. Then I read the list, and a feeling of dismay fell heavily upon me. There were in all some dozen names whose owners are clearly the most popular and admired of London audiences. Not one of these names had ever met my eyes before. It is part of my business to comment upon the performances of London favourites. Clearly I stood weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is just the shadow of a chance that the bills and posters may not have published the truth; but I doubt whether mendacity has travelled sufficiently far from London to reach this particular Sleepy Hollow.

A violent wish to clear my conscience took me to the village on the day appointed for the combination fête. There was a public holiday, and Hodge wore his best clothes and a smile whose burden only a strong man could support. It was early morning, but festive preparations were in progress. At about half-past ten I stood with Hodge at the porch of the Dun Cow; the dog-cart in which I had driven over was waiting for me; but my mood bade me remain. Suddenly Hodge grew excited. "Theer they be!" he said, pointing to a distant coach. "Who are they?" I asked. "The London 'stars'?" "Noa," he replied in a tone of contempt; "this be t' droom-and-fair band." To rush from the porch, snatch the reins from the ostler, throw down a threepenny-bit and not wait for change, jump into the dog-cart and drive off, was, as the old-fashioned novelist would say, the work of a moment. Even now I can say nothing further about the 'stars' from town; but I never heard the band play, so I have much to be grateful for. But it was a narrow escape, and the astonishment on the face of Hodge was well worth seeing.

At the Leicester Show I was much amused by the efforts of a professional photographer, who was endeavouring to secure photographs of the prize sheep. No one would imagine from the quiet character of this animal that it could play such pranks and cut such antics when brought before the camera. Those Welsh lambs, for instance, would scamper hither and thither, or persist in turning their backs on the operator, and he had to carry his apparatus to the other side. Again, the Hampshire Downs would keep their noses on the ground, and, when ordered to look up, promptly bolted from the zone of the lens. The old sheep behaved somewhat better—note the expression of the Oxford Down. He might be a judge, or even an Oxford Don. The Border Leicester wears a most intelligent look of inquiry, as befits a sheep whose owner leads the House of Commons.

While rambling through Essex in holiday mood the other day—and there are lots of pretty “bits” in Essex for those who know where to look for them and do not object to a *souçon* of Dutch art in their landscapes—I found myself near Blythwood, the charming country seat and model farm of that enthusiast in all agricultural matters, Sir James Blyth, and, as luck would have it, who should appear on the scene but my stalwart and excellent friend Mr. J. T. Keddie, Sir James's clever agent. Then, of course, I saw my chance of getting a glimpse of the splendid Southdowns who have swept the board of prizes at all the chief shows of the year, and which are to be brought to the hammer on Friday next. And what splendid specimens they are of this superlative breed! I secured a photograph of some of the broad-backed beauties for *Sketch* readers to admire and to show what a saddle of

Counties Show, first, second, and champion for yearling rams, first for two shear rams, and first and champion for yearling ewes; June 10, Essex Show, first prize for yearling ewes, first and second for yearling rams; and Royal Agricultural Society of England's Show at Leicester, first prizes for both yearling rams and ewes—a remarkable record, truly! The stock-breeding expert will admire the technical excellences of these fine animals, while the connoisseur of the dinner-table will be inclined to apostrophise them in anticipation in their *roast* form—

Oh, thou, most worthy of thy great renown,
Fit subject for the pencil of Vandyck,
Thou rich in tone and colour; how I like
To contemplate thy mellow, varied brown;
As aldermen desire thee for the fare
Of their most dainty palates, painters might
For thee their *palettes* daintily prepare,
And make of thee a banquet—for the sight!
I love behind thy ample joints to sit,
When they come hot from the revolving spit;
With knife and fork in sharply polished state
Dispensing savoury gifts to every plate.
The rule of realms I would not care to boast;
'Tis my ambition but to “rule the roast”!

By the way, by a curious chance—possibly due to a spasm of natural sheepishness before the camera—one of the animals got behind another at a critical moment, giving it almost the appearance of having a double body. It is as well to point this out, as, although many of the splendid Southdowns of Sir James Blyth's flock are monsters in size, Blythwood does not breed monstrosities.



THE BLYTHWOOD SOUTHDOWNS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. TADMAN, STANSTEAD.

mutton may mean under the most perfect conditions. No wonder an old-world rhymester could pun upon the subject like a pickpocket—

What best sustains our prior's portly paunch?
What but the little Southdown's lusty haunch?
Though haunch of deer he by no means despises,
The haunch of mutton still as *dear* he prizes,
Nor would his Jolliness withhold his benison
From lean of sheep, conjoined with fat of venison.

Sir James Blyth has long been known as a breeder of Southdowns of the very finest strains and qualities, and some of his flock have pedigrees worthy of a place of honour in any ovine Burke or Debrett. Indeed, their family history is duly recorded in that agricultural peerage “The Flock Book of the Southdown Sheep-Breeders' Association,” whence you may gather that the Blythwood flock of Southdowns has been established by the careful selection and costly purchase of some of the finest specimens obtainable. At the Sandringham sale in 1889, for instance, twenty of the choicest ewes from the Prince of Wales's splendid stock were purchased, many of them being of the old Rigden blood. At the Streety sale in the same year some of Mr. Henry Webb's very fine rams and ewes were purchased, and in '90 some more magnificent specimens, including a son of “Cambridgeshire,” the famous ram for which the Duke of Richmond paid two hundred and ten guineas. Other flocks, such as the famous ones of Sir N. W. G. Throckmorton, Mr. J. J. Colman, and Mr. Hugh Penfold, have also contributed to the perfecting of the Blythwood flock, which has had great successes during the past three years, having recently, for instance, made the following fine record—May 20, Oxfordshire Show, first prize and champion for yearling ewes; May 27, Bath and West of England Show, first prize for yearling ewes and first and second for yearling rams; May 28, Cambridgeshire and Suffolk Show, first prize and champion for yearling ewes, seconds for yearling ram and ewe lambs; June 9, Royal

Apropos of the Queen's letter to Mrs. Keveth, I may note the record of the late Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, LL.D., Chief Magistrate of St. Andrews, N.B. Besides having served himself, and having had many nephews and brothers in the Military Service, he had all his sons (six in number) in her Majesty's Indian Army as commissioned officers. His eldest son was killed at the Battle of Sobraon; his second son was shot at the Battle of Mooltan; his third son served in the Madras Artillery; his fourth son served in the M.N.I.; his fifth son died shortly after having obtained his commission; his sixth son served in her Majesty's Bengal Staff Corps, and has recently retired with the rank of Major-General.

Rustic ingenuousness is not even yet quite a thing of the past. A friend of mine often spends his “week-end” at a quiet farmhouse off the Brighton Road. Wanting some port wine one evening, he inquired whether they had such a beverage in the place, and to this the landlady diffidently made reply, “Yes, sir, we have some; but we have kept it such a long time that perhaps you mightn't like it.” Need I add that the venerable wine was duly produced and tasted with gusto?

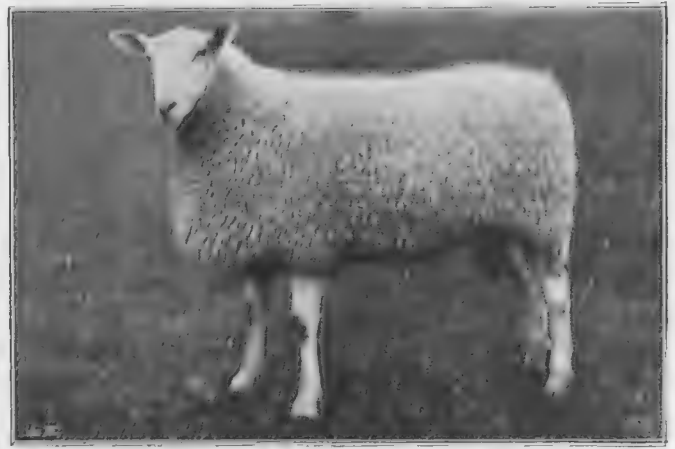
If it had not been for the dreadful fire in Bermondsey, how many people save the fatuous name-givers would have known that two obscure back streets across the Thames were called Rudyard Place and Kipling Street? What's in a name, indeed!

The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Drummond Castle* has revived the interest in the terrible disaster to the African liner. My readers will be interested to know that the August number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains an article written by Mr. Marquardt, the sole surviving passenger.

THE PRIME MUTTON OF OLD ENGLAND.



LINCOLN.



BORDER LEICESTER (BELONGS TO MR. A. J. FAIRBANKS.)



OXFORD DOWN.



COTSWOLD.



WENSLEY DALE.



WELSH MOUNTAIN.



SHROPSHIRE LAMBS.



HAMPSHIRE DOWN LAMBS.

AN AMERICAN LADY JOURNALIST.

A CHAT WITH MISS JEANETTE GILDER.

The knowledge that Miss Jeanette Gilder, the editor of the *New York Critic*, was on a visit to London, was sufficient to tempt the journalist of "this side," armed with the editorial credential, to request an interview. This Miss Gilder most cordially granted, and one afternoon last week a *Sketch* representative found himself in the library of the Hotel Cecil, where the distinguished lady editor gave him the right hand of fellowship in the heartiest manner possible.

"I suppose," the interviewer began, "we ought, *ex officio*, to talk of literature?"

Miss Gilder had no objection, but, by some strange paradox, my conversation with the controlling spirit of a great American journal, that is nothing if not literary and critical, turned upon a department of British journalism that is neither very literary nor very critical.

"What surprises me in English journalism," said Miss Gilder, "is the tremendous circulation attained by papers of the tit-bit class."

"Have you no parallel in America?" I inquired.

"Not exactly. The American reading public get that sort of literature, if they want it, from the ordinary newspaper. To buy a separate paper for that would seem extraordinary. These penny populars remind me of 'Patten's Insides.'"

Miss Gilder was quick to note my mystified expression.

"I don't refer to anyone's interior economy," she explained. "The 'Insides' I mentioned are journalistic, not physiological. They are worked up by an enterprising individual, who supplies the same collection of light reading matter to a large number of papers. These are printed inside the paper, which has, in addition, its own local and foreign intelligence."

"I understand. Then, is the stuff quite the same as in our 'populars'? Mr. Gladstone says, you know, that these papers are raising the standard of intelligence among the people. He refers, of course, to the prevalence of the encyclopædic article—for instance, information about a great railway and its staff."

"I think," Miss Gilder answered, "Mr. Gladstone took a very amiable view. No, the Americans don't want that sort of thing exactly. With them news is the first essential, and it must be sensational at that. If they were to be interested in a story like that of a big railway, mere facts about the number of engine-drivers employed wouldn't do. You'd have to tell about the drivers' wives and children, and if any of the latter was a monstrosity so much the better. Then the article would be printed with a 'scare-head'—'One-Eyed Maggie,' or the like. You on this side have not got quite so far as that, I'm glad to say, in your imitation of the American Press, though you have borrowed something from us."

"One imitation on our part I should very much like to see," continued Miss Gilder. "I should like to see a really dignified daily started in America on the lines of your best journals."

"Is there none such with you?"

"I can hardly say so. The newspaper press depends on sensationalism. It is curious to note that the majority of American papers live by their huge Sunday edition, often of thirty or forty pages."

"Would a rather more staid paper have a chance?"

"I think so. Of course, the circulation would not be colossal. The paper would be priced at five cents. But even if it reached a circulation of 25,000, which I think it would, that would attract the very best class of advertising, which would serve to keep the concern going. Some of the better journals command such splendid rates as a pound a-line."

Turning to magazine literature, I mentioned what might be called the "Napoleon boom" in America.

"A friend of mine, an expert in matters journalistic," said Miss Gilder, "has just been chaffing me on that head. He says if we in America wish to force a circulation, we have only to trot out one or other of our three great idols—Washington, Lincoln, or Napoleon."

"Napoleon certainly seems to have brought luck," I remarked.

"And Lincoln is always a good card," returned Miss Gilder;

"but then, you see, you have always your Royal Family, which is an equally good source of copy."

I acknowledged this indubitable advantage of monarchy, albeit it may be enjoyed at the expense of hero-worship.

"It is a commonplace to say that in America even more than here the woman journalist is playing an important part."

"Twenty years ago," said Miss Gilder, "I was one of the only three women journalists in New York; now they can be counted by the hundred."

"No less an authority than Dr. Robertson Nicoll," I remarked, "once declared to me he finds that women make better interviewers than men. Is your experience similar?"

"I should not be inclined to go quite so far. Perhaps the honours are better divided. It's greatly a matter of personality and of subject. One will, of course, do well where another will be less successful."

"Is there anything of peculiar interest in the history of your own paper, Miss Gilder?"

"This, perhaps—that the *New York Critic* is the only purely literary paper that has lived in America. It is now fifteen years old. Others there have been, but they did not succeed. My paper is devoted solely to literature, art, and the drama; it resembles your *Athenæum*, but is written, perhaps, in a rather lighter vein. My contributors are chiefly

American; but, of course, I'm not a national bigot. Indeed, on the contrary, I've been accused of Anglomania. Some people, you know, believe in always shouting for the Glorious Republic and in doing the Spread Eagle business. They complain that the International copyright has only benefited some English authors. I'm for the best in everything, no matter where it comes from.

"By the way," Miss Gilder continued, "if you mention my paper you mustn't speak of me as sole mover. My brother, Mr. J. B. Gilder, does all the hard work; sits at the desk, gives out books for review, sees to proofs, make-up, and all that sort of thing, while I rush about doing the ornamental, or acting as a sort of scout."

"In all warfare, Miss Gilder, the scout is indispensable. You talk of rushing about the world. Have you been much in England?"

"This is my third visit," she answered.

"I suppose it's proper for the interviewer to say at this point, 'What do you think of England?'"

"I'm quite ready to admit that, in many respects, it is superior to America. Perhaps New York would be pleasanter than London were it not for the terrible noise. Here, in London, I think your streets comparatively quiet. The din of the City does not seem so all-pervading and insistent here. No doubt your wooden pavements are a great advantage. In New York traffic goes crashing over cobblestones. By the way, my brother always reproaches me for saying

'cobble-stones.' I believe the streets are laid with block-stone. Block or cobble, it's bad enough to be a continual source of irritation."

We talked for a little of the popularity of English fiction in America, and then of American fiction. By a mention of Mr. Townsend's Bovey stories and their probable unintelligibility to English readers, Miss Gilder was suddenly reminded of Chevalier's visit to America.

"His success in America was surprising. One would scarcely have expected the coster dialect to 'hit' the Americans."

"It is more surprising still," I replied, "when one reflects that in the provinces at home Mr. Chevalier was not 'understood of the people.' In London alone he was triumphant."

"That does certainly make his American 'hit' seem more wonderful," Miss Gilder confessed; and then, consistently with our rambling tactics, we returned to the question of fiction.

"What of the new, decadent, or problem fiction?" I inquired.

"I'm happy to say it found little favour in America. The problem-play wouldn't do either. Sentiment, with a touch of melodrama, holds the boards with us."

"And what of romantic fiction?"

"We have one or two writers who attempt the historical romance. Among your writers of this school I should say Anthony Hope was more popular in America than Stanley Weyman."

Then it was "hands across the sea," and, with cordial adieux, a very pleasant interview came to an end.



MISS JEANETTE GILDER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. EDWARD COMPTON AND MISS SIDNEY CROWE IN "DAVY GARRICK."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE COMPTON FAMILY AND THE STAGE.

Though it is nearly twenty years since Mr. Henry Compton died, he is still remembered by the English public. As a rule, the actor who was not a manager also is soon forgotten. Mr. Compton was content to be an actor, as good an actor as natural aptitude and patient, thorough work would allow him to be. Acting was enough for him. He never desired or sought to become the manager of a theatre, nor did he consider that position an appropriate one for the actor. Perhaps it was because his acting had sincerity, solidity, and truthfulness that he made so deep an impression on the serious English audiences. In time they came to see that these comic figures, these Touchstones or Tony Lumpkins, were rooted in seriousness, in truth to nature. The honesty of the workmanship, an honesty often wasted on poor material, impressed them. The public got to know that Mr. Compton always gave them of his best.

At a time when the actor had to appeal to, an audience of experts, Mr. Compton established his position in London. The principle of authority prevailed at the theatre as elsewhere, and before an actor received the approval of the experts he had to satisfy them in many parts. In those days the experts of acting were more influential than even the critics. It was recognised that knowledge, judgment, and experience, as well as sympathy, were requisite to the critic of acting.

Mr. Compton succeeded with this judicial body when he made his first appearance at Drury Lane as Master Slender on Oct. 7, 1837, and he retained throughout his career the appreciation of the critical public, of those who know and study and observe. This type of playgoer has died out, but towards the end of his Haymarket engagement, which lasted eighteen years, Mr. Compton would occasionally get letters from old admirers, strangers to him, with the almost unvaried refrain, "We rarely go to the theatre now, and only to see you act." In one case the letter finished, "The public never can and never will judge of anything. In my day they followed the judgment of the connoisseur in the various arts. Now they decide for themselves, and vulgarise and degrade all the arts."

After eleven years' work in the country, Mr. Compton made his first appearance in London at the Lyceum Theatre, under Mr. Bunn's management, as Robin in "The Waterman," and Paul Shach in "Master's Rival." Thence, still under Mr. Bunn, he went to Drury Lane, where he played Tony Lumpkin, Gnathbrain ("Black-Eyed Susan"), William in "As You Like It," Silky in "The Road to Ruin," Bailie Nicol Jarvie in "Rob Roy," the First Gravedigger, and Mawworm in "The Hypocrite." His success in this last-mentioned part put the seal on his reputation, and was partly the result of a practice which is almost instinctive with real artists. Mr. Compton always studied from life.

Engagements at Drury Lane with Macready, at the Princess's, Olympic, and Strand theatres, filled the years from 1838 to 1853, when Mr. Compton went to the Haymarket. It was at the Princess's that he first appeared as Touchstone, a part which he made his own, and one which has never been adequately impersonated since his death. Mr. Compton also played during this period Lancelot Gobbo and Modus in "The Hunchback."

When, in 1853, he received Mr. Buckstone's offer to join him at the Haymarket, he was much influenced by the prospect of a permanent engagement. Despite an unusually rapid success in London, he had been compelled to take country engagements more than once in these few years; and, though he foresaw that he and his manager would

clash, as they were both low comedians, Mr. Compton decided to accept the engagement. But his fears were justified. He got very few good original parts, and even lost some of the legitimate characters of which he was the recognised exponent; and, as time went on, Mr. Compton found that he came after not only his manager, but also Mr. Mathews or Mr. Sothern.

When he made successes, they were unexpected, and sometimes unwelcome. Blenkinsop in "The Unequal Match," Sir Solomon Frazer in "The Overland Route," De Vaudray in "The Hero of Romance," and Captain Mountraffe in "Home," were all surprises. These, and occasional appearances as Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Ollapod, Dogberry, Touchstone, are nearly the only noteworthy occurrences in this long engagement. After leaving

Lyceum, where he played the First Gravedigger throughout the run of "Hamlet." This, with the exception of some matinées at the Gaiety Theatre, was Mr. Compton's last appearance in London. He joined the Vezin-Chippendale combination after leaving Mr. Bateman, and the following year he made a short tour in the country, and appeared on the stage for the last time, on July 14, 1877, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, as Mawworm, the part he had been so successful in nearly forty years before. Mr. Compton died at Kensington on Sept. 15, 1877.

In 1849 Mr. Compton had married Miss Emmeline Montague, a daughter of the famous light comedian Henry ("Bath") Montague. Mrs. Compton had begun the profession of acting when she was scarcely seventeen, and, after playing lead at Edinburgh and Manchester, appeared as Juliet in 1839 at Drury Lane, and at Covent Garden, under the management of Madame Vestris, in 1840. After her marriage Mrs. Compton was at the Strand Theatre, then under the direction of the elder Farren, and subsequently acted with the amateur company formed from the founders of the Guild of Literature and Art which visited the chief provincial cities with the object of gaining public sympathy and support for the Literary Guild. This company included Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, John Forster, Frank Stone, Egg, George Cruikshank, and Tenniel. The tour was a great monetary success and an extremely pleasant experience, but the Guild of Literature and Art was not a successful movement and was little heard of after this time. For this society Lord Lytton wrote his comedy "Not So Bad as We Seem," which was first produced at Devonshire House, when the Queen and Prince Albert were present. Mrs. Compton, who was the original heroine in the piece, also appeared before her Majesty at Windsor Castle in 1848. A few years after her marriage, she retired from the stage, but, like all who have been in the profession, still maintains her interest in the things of the theatre. Her children are all more or less connected with the stage. Her eldest daughter, Miss Katharine Compton (Mrs. R. C. Carton), is remembered by her performances in "The Pink Pearl" and in "Robin Goodfellow." Mr. Edward Compton's company is one of the oldest and best-known touring companies in the kingdom. He and Mrs. Edward Compton (Miss Virginia Bateman) are old favourites with all provincial playgoers. Mr. Percy Compton has been successful in the line of characters played by his father. Mr. Henry Compton, Mr. Otway Compton (whose wife, Miss Geraldine Olliffe, made a favourable impression in "The Rogue's Comedy" at the Garrick Theatre), and Mr. Sydney Compton have also followed their father's profession, and the only son who was not an actor became an acting-manager, a position he held at the Garrick Theatre from its opening in 1889 until the July of 1895. Mrs. Duncan Hume (Miss Emmeline Compton) holds the responsible position of leading lady in the amateur dramatic club at Bournemouth.

The name of Compton was adopted in deference to family susceptibility. The right name of Henry Compton was Charles Mackenzie. He was a descendant on the paternal side from the union of the two cadet families of the *Caber Feidh* clan. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Sealwell married Lillias, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon. Their grandson, John Mackenzie, was the father of Mr. Henry Compton. Through his mother, Miss Elizabeth Symonds, Mr. Compton was related to the well-known Dr. Addington Symonds, of Bristol, whose son, Mr. John Addington Symonds, died recently, after a literary career of great brilliance. In a letter to Mr. Roden Noel, Addington Symonds says—

... The vicissitudes of the (Symonds) family embrace all the conditions to which English gentle blood has been liable, except enrolment in the peerage. We have a Knight Templar, a Crusader, a Founder of the Garter, a settler of Ireland, a settler of New Zealand, a soldier of Agincourt, a regicide, several Cavalier officers, nonjuring clergyman—specimens, in fact, of all species.

The family of John Mackenzie and Elizabeth Symonds was a large and distinguished one. Besides the subject of this article, it included Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, of Leytonstone, in his day an authority on mental disease; and the Rev. John Morell Mackenzie, an Independent minister of great attainments and force of character, who was drowned in the *Pegasus* in 1843. Of the daughters, one married the Rev. James Miall, of Bradford, and another became the wife of Mr. Deighton, partner in the Cambridge publishing firm Deighton and Bell. Dr. Stephen Mackenzie was the father of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great specialist on throat complaints, whose son, Mr. H. H. Morell, is at present joint lessee of the Shaftesbury Theatre.



MR. HENRY COMPTON.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MRS. HENRY COMPTON.

Photo by Guzner, Hastings.

Mr. Buckstone, he played in London and the provinces, in a piece by Tom Taylor, called "Handsome Is as Handsome Does." Then he joined Mr. H. J. Montague at the Globe Theatre, playing Muggles in H. J. Byron's "A Partner For Life," and Paul Cudlip in Albery's "Forgiven." Mr. Compton next joined Mr. Bateman's company at the



"Ah, Gresham! how d'ye do—how d'ye do?"



"Heavens! 'tis she—my dream!"



"I love you, Violet, how tenderly, how deeply, none can tell."



"Mr. Garrick, you are wronging yourself—grievously, irreparably!"

MR. EDWARD COMPTON AND MISS SIDNEY CROWE IN "DAVY GARRICK."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON.

Mr. William Canton has secured in recent years a distinctive position as one of the greatest living interpreters and poets of childhood, a position first achieved by the "Invisible Playmate," and greatly confirmed by the singularly charming, fresh, and melodious little volume just published, and entitled "W. V.: Her Book and Various Verses" (Isbister). Mr. Canton was born in the island of Chusan, off the coast of China, in 1845. His father, who was in the Army, was Irish, and his mother was Northumbrian. When he was still a child the family went to the island of Jamaica, where he vividly remembers the Blue Mountains. One of his favourite books is Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log," where these scenes are pictured with remarkable vividness and verisimilitude. Mr. Canton was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood at the college of Douay, in France, and although he did not see his way to follow out the profession, and is now not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, he still maintains warm and intimate connections with the seminary where he received some of his most lasting impressions. He was peculiarly attracted by the antiquities of France, as may be seen from his longest and most serious poems. After leaving Douay he followed the teaching profession in various parts of England and Scotland. Naturally, he drifted into journalism, commencing with an engagement on a Manchester evening paper, and taking in 1876 the position of editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*.

Glasgow is a great centre of literary interest. The keenness with which business is pursued has by no means abated the eagerness with which many of the inhabitants appreciate the best books. It will be remembered that among the literary glories of Glasgow was the poet Alexander Smith, and a band of very able men were connected with the *Glasgow Herald* and its offshoots. The *Herald* is one of the most influential newspapers in the kingdom, and it has always devoted special attention to literature. Among those with whom Mr. Canton was now brought into close association were James H. Stoddart, the editor, who was a considerable poet in his way, and anticipated to some extent the school of Scottish idyllists now so fashionable. Another colleague was Mr. William Freeland, who probably knows more of the recent literary history of Scotland than any other man, having been the close associate of George Gilfillan, Alexander Smith, David Gray, James Brown, David Gilmour, and others whose names are still remembered in the North. Mr. Freeland, by the way, is the possessor of many remarkable letters of David Gray, which it is much to be hoped he will yet give to the public. After a certain time he was appointed to the sub-editorship of the *Glasgow Daily Herald*. His work mainly consisted in reviewing books, and his varied accomplishments and genial temper made this one of the most attractive features of the paper.

He also wrote leading articles, and was almost the only journalist in Britain who was able to deal intelligently with Professor's Cayley's obscure address as President of the British Association. During this period Mr. Canton was busy in various directions. He contributed to *St. Paul's Magazine*, *Once-a-Week*, *Good Words*, *All the Year Round*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Contemporary Review*, and other periodicals. Among other things, he wrote in the *New Quarterly Magazine*—a very able and spirited periodical, edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford, which published, by the way, George Meredith's short stories and some of Mr. Thomas Hardy's finest work—a poem entitled "Through the Ages," which attracted great attention, and was favourably commented on by leading men of science. Professor Huxley noted it with much interest as the first attempt that had been made to use as a subject for poetry the raw material of science, and since its original appearance the poem has been a great favourite of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who has in various ways testified to his appreciation. Mr. Canton also did some work in fiction, including a three-volume novel and several novelettes, which appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* and other newspapers. A volume of prose, entitled "The Shining Waif, and Other Stories," was published in 1879 by Messrs. Dunn and Wright, of Glasgow; but his first important book was "A Lost Epic, and Other Poems," issued by Messrs. Blackwood in 1887. This volume showed a great variety of power. The title-poem is the story of an epic on the evolution of the world, which the author

spends a life in dreaming, but which was never written. The kernel of the story is found in the death of the old man while his whole soul is so intensely fixed on the task he has set for himself that he overlooks his own mortality. "Through the Ages" is a story of a sweet girl-graduate who, having heard a lecture on primitive man, finds her mind filled with a tragic vision. The hall converts itself into the forest; the subdued voices of her fellow-maidens become the murmuring of the wind through the branches; while the stone axe-head, which the Professor demonstrates as being recovered from a half-hewn fossilised tree over which the remains of ocean and forest growths had been laid in the course of ages, reveals to her eyes the story of how it was lost by the original owner. She sees the hairy man strike a mighty blow; the axe is held fast in the wood; a carnivorous foe of humanity springs on its defenceless victim, and the shriek of the girl who saw her father's death rings loud through the forest. There are also some poems of childhood, sweet and promising, but not on the same level as those the author has published since. Mr. Matthew Arnold, speaking of Mr. Canton's volume to a friend, observed that what he most valued in it was "not so much the imaginative fertility exhibited in the more ambitious poems as the thoughtful and exquisite observation of nature."

Max Müller specially admired the poems on classical subjects, and said, "I look upon them as equal to Matthew Arnold's poems, and having been an old friend and sincere admirer of Arnold's, I could give no higher praise."

Some five years ago the lamented death of Mr. John Nicol, who is so affectionately remembered by many literary men in London, and in whose memory Mr. J. M. Barrie wrote one of his few poems, made a vacancy in the important position of manager to Messrs. Isbister and Co. Mr. Canton was appointed to the vacant place. As is well known, this firm publishes *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, and the *Contemporary Review*, as well as a large number of important books. The duties of the new position are undeniably arduous. Mr. Canton is responsible for the editorship of the *Sunday Magazine*, while he takes an important part in directing *Good Words* and the *Contemporary Review*, and supervises the books of the firm. Excellent progress has been made since he took the reins, and some of the most successful books of recent years, such as Mr. Crockett's "Men of the Moss Hags," and Mr. Stopford Brooke's work on Tennyson, have been published by Isbister. He has found time, however, greatly to advance his reputation by his "Invisible Playmate" and "W. V.: Her Book." The "Invisible Playmate" is mostly in prose, but it contains some nursery poems under the heading "Rhymes About a Little Woman." Some of these are quite Blake-like in their imaginative reach. They were very greatly admired by such critics as Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Quiller Couch, and ensured a favourable reception to the still more exquisite and beautiful volume

recently published about "W. V." "W. V." is, of course, the poet's little daughter, a child of seven. "W. V." consists of three parts—prose, children's verses, and a selection from the author's recent poems on other subjects. Perhaps the most remarkable part is the prose, which, for its insight, delicacy, and its grace, has very little indeed to rival it in recent literature. Of the children's poems this little specimen must suffice—

ANOTHER NEWTON'S APPLE.

We tried to show with lamp and ball
How simply day and night were "made";
How earth revolved, and how through all
One half was sunshine, one was shade.
One side, tho' turned and turned again,
Was always bright. She mused and frowned,
Then flashed—"It's just an apple, then,
'At's always rosy half-way round."
Oh, boundless tree of ranging blue,
Star-fruited through thy heavenly leaves,
Be, if thou canst be, good unto
This apple-loving babe of Eve's.

The author's graver work shows a wide range of thought and ability, and promises much for the future. Mr. Canton meditates a book of an autobiographical kind on a new plan, and various essays in fiction and poetry. As he is yet in the prime of life, it may confidently be expected that his best work is yet to come.



MR. WILLIAM CANTON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HOUNSOM
BYLES

“ ‘What are the wild waves saying?’ They’re saying you had much better be covered up.”

Raymond J. Taylor

*She is white as white can be,
But she speaks of "the" as "de,"
And has got a nigger's thick pronunciation;
She's a victim of a passion
For the nigger ditty fashion
And the coons upon the sugar-cane plantation.*



"We've got a verandah on our house, we have."
"That's nothing! I heard father say we had a mortgage on ours."

SOME GUIDE-BOOKS.

The season of the cicerone is on us with a vengeance, and brings with it the usual bundle of guide-books to London, of course. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden's Guide to London is now in its twelfth edition. It takes the tourist with it through the principal thoroughfares, points out the principal objects of interest, and instructs him about the cab-distances and the railway stations. Perhaps a few more revisions might have been safely made before the issue of this new edition. For instance, the entrance-fees at Lord's Cricket Ground are put down at "*Sixpence; on special occasions, one shilling*"—a statement which exhibits a moderation the facts do not always imitate. On other occasions the Guide is not only down to date, but considerably beyond it; and we pity the country

so he spells him one way in the index and another way in the text. Finally, we hope that young farmers will not imagine they are ineligible for membership at the Farmers' Club because it "has been the resort of those connected with agriculture since 1843." But the Guide that is perfect has yet to be found; and there is no doubt that those in need of direction to the sights and sounds of London will get mainly what they want in this volume, the practical value of which has been proved by the large sale it has already had. The twelfth issue of Mr. Pascoe's "London of To-Day" is a distinct advance on its predecessors, the illustrations, gathered from the best sources, being exceedingly interesting. Fry's "London," now in its sixteenth year of publication, is useful for the twenty bird's-eye views of the principal streets. "Cassell's Guide to London" is neatly printed and the illustrations nearly all of



OFF TO GRETNNA.

cousin who proceeds to Wembley Park to see "the Great Tower, the highest in the world," about which we are further told that "its total altitude is eleven hundred and fifty feet," and that the view from it "extends to a distance of fifty feet in every direction." There is also, now and again, a certain excess of information about things that really do exist which the tourist, we imagine, would gladly dispense with, either in exchange for something else, or merely to reduce the weight of his book-burden. To take a specimen of the sort of superfluity which every page supplies: "St. James's and Saville" (there is a superfluous *l* there, to begin with) "Clubs are next-door neighbours at 106 and 107; but their characteristics are somewhat different, the first being the home of diplomatists, and the members of the other are noted for the perfection of their social functions." Members of at least one of these clubs would fail to recognise themselves by this description; and one wonders what the Parisienne on her honeymoon or the man from Johannesburg wants with it. The spelling of names has not been a strong point with the compiler of the Guide, who cannot make up his mind whether a well-known sculptor is really Thornycroft or Thorneycroft,

them good, although, it may be remarked, some of the old wood-cuts might have been dispensed with to advantage.

The handy little "Guide to Jersey" published by Mr. Elliot Stock is timely. It is neatly arranged, and covers a wide area of interest, including the scientific attractions of the islands. Mr. Percy Lindley's "Tourist Guide to the Continent" is now in its seventeenth annual issue. "The Pocket Guide to the Midland Railway" is neat, handy, and cleverly illustrated. A very pretty little Guide to the Isle of Man is also issued by the Midland Company. It is about the size of an ordinary diary, and is interleaved with blank pages, so that a tourist may jot down his impressions pretty much in the way that Dr. Johnson did in that immortal tour to the Hebrides. "The Road Coach Guide," that admirable "Bradshaw of the Highway," has again made its timely appearance. The issue for 1896 makes the third year of publication, and admirable as was last year's edition, that for the present season is much more attractively "got up." More illustrations have been added, new coach-routes have been described in a pleasant vein, while others have been re-written and revised.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The chief artistic events of the past few days have centred in the Leighton sale. On the first day, at Christie's, the works disposed of were chiefly pictures and studies by the late President himself, and very curious results ensued. One need not consider such a work as "Cimabue finding Giotto in the Fields of Florence," painted when the artist was but nineteen, and interesting only on account of it being practically his first artistic effort; this was sold for 92 guineas. But when one finds that a work hitherto unexhibited, and finished only a short time before the President's death—"Perseus and Pegasus with the Head of Medusa coming to the rescue of Andromeda"—was sold for but 490 guineas, the significance of Lord Leighton's artistic popularity becomes somewhat mysterious. But, it may be said, the work, being unexhibited previously, might now be found unattractive; in which case you are met by the fact that "Perseus and Andromeda," a work which has travelled all over the world, and of which hundreds of engravings have been sold at home and abroad, fetched no more than 620 guineas, and that this was the highest sum reached for any separate picture on sale during this day.

A few days before the sale, Leighton's "Triumph of Music," painted some time ago, was discovered by accident rolled up into a small compass and reposing among articles of lumber. It had been cleaned and framed, and now fetched the modest price of 150 guineas. "Rizpah," another work which has, through the large sale of engravings after it, become to a great extent a kind of household property, did not realise more than 240 guineas, and the "Twixt Hope and Fear" of last year's Academy was knocked down for 330 guineas. It is when one remembers the kind of price which the President received for his pictures during his lifetime that these very low sums seem so astonishing. Perhaps the most satisfactory price, where so much was unsatisfactory, was given for "Candida," a little picture of great beauty, but without anything of pose or pretension, which went for 440 guineas.

The studies, considering the nature of such works, fared, on the whole, somewhat better than the pictures. The study for the "Perseus and Pegasus," for example, mentioned above, fetched 100 guineas, a little more than a fifth of the price paid for the finished picture; and the study for "Phryne and Eleusis"—a work which went for 260 guineas—passed away for 42 guineas. A little study of an Irish landscape, drawn for the "Perseus and Andromeda," was bought for 21 guineas; and other prices for other studies ranged between this sum and about 50 guineas. As a result, the average price for the pictures

during this part of the sale was 350 guineas, that for the studies 30 guineas. The "slump" which attended the sale of the Leightons seemed to cast a shadow even over the works of remaining artists, no matter how eminent. Expectation fluttered round the sale of the four Corots, "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night," painted originally for Decamps. They were bought in at the ridiculous figure of 6000 guineas, while a picture by the living President, "Shelling Peas," was knocked down at 710 guineas. Ridiculous prices were given for Daubignys and works of David Cox; while a panel of Mr. Sargent's famous Boston design realised 21 guineas. Surely there never was such a freakish sale.

Mrs. Stanley's charming New Gallery picture, "The Bather," is reproduced on this page. The nude, seated girl hesitates upon the brink, one foot drawn up to the bank, the other dangling within a few inches of the water. Half-turning and leaning upon her left arm, she gazes wistfully beyond a clump of reeds that rise from the stream and in their upward curving lines compose beautifully with the gentle rotundity of the human figure. Above her head the branches of a tree stretch in lines parallel with the bending figure, completing the composition with singular refinement. The picture's great charm is its directness and its simplicity—a poetical idea admirably worked out.

Messrs. Kegan Paul's book of selections from the black-and-white work of Arthur Boyd Houghton, "printed for the most part from the original wood-blocks," with an introductory essay by Laurence Housman, is a most interesting and engrossing volume. Mr. Housman claims so much for Houghton's work in this medium that even the most admiring and willing critic in the world can add no more to the tale. It is certain that Houghton's work is strong, and that his very clever manipulation of masses of black upon masses of white

is admirable; it cannot, however, with equal truth be claimed that he is sympathetic. Still, he has humour, and his "Arabian Nights" series is a peculiarly attractive example of this gift, and only a little less so is the "Nursery Rhymes" series. At times, indeed, he descends to caricature, as in "In the Train to Liverpool"; but, for the most part, his virtue is truth, and truth realised through an ideal method of composition.

An exhibition of the oil-paintings and water-colour drawings by Mr. Sam Bough, R.S.A., is on view at the Corporation Art Gallery, Carlisle, of which Mr. Bough was a native. He was born in 1822, his father being a Somersetshire man, and practically began his career as an artist by scene-painting for the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.



THE BATHER.—MRS. STANLEY.
Exhibited at the New Gallery.

CHINATOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps the most interesting Chinatown in California is the Chinatown of San Francisco. It is the Chinese colony of the Western States, and attracts inquisitive visitors who come to San Francisco from the Eastern



CHINESE TENEMENT HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

States and from Europe, as White-chapel attracts curious foreigners visiting London for the first time. The main streets in Chinatown, however, are not nearly so narrow or so dirty as one would expect to find them, though the alleys and side streets are squalid and evil-smelling enough. But what strikes the stranger chiefly is the fact that a Chinese family, consisting of, perhaps, six or eight members, can live, apparently in comfort, in a room only a few yards square and absolutely without ventilation. A Chinaman and his wife of the lowest class will sleep in a boarded enclosure resembling a box some seven feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high. This "box" is built immediately above the store over which the couple preside

during the day. It is eight or nine feet from the ground, and has no ventilation whatsoever. In order to enter it, the couple crawl up a ladder and through a trap-door. Then they pull the ladder in after them and close the door. Of course, the family shown in the portrait belongs to a higher grade than do the Chinese just referred to, but the leading characteristics of the men and women in general are very similar. As a race, the Chinese seem, on principle, to dislike ventilation and cleanliness. Chinatown has a very fine "joss-house,"

or native place of worship. Anybody may enter it at any time of the day, but on leaving it is customary to give the priest a small fee. Joss-sticks—that is, slender reeds dipped in a brown, thick solution that smells like incense—are allowed to smoulder before certain gods during a great part of the day, and a small cup of tea is always left standing before any god of importance. The tea is renewed every morning and evening. Devil's papers also may be obtained at this joss-house. They are narrow slips of perforated paper bearing hieroglyphics. These devil's papers are in great demand, being useful on occasions of various sorts. For instance, a vessel with a Chinese crew is at sea. A storm seems imminent, so several of the sailors jump at the conclusion that the devil is chasing the ship. Therefore, they promptly throw handfuls of devil's paper overboard, in order to retard his progress, for until he has forced his way through every hole in each slip of paper he cannot proceed, and, of course, such a series of acrobatic feats seriously hampers his movements. The young lady peering through the grille is a typical specimen of the Chinatown maiden. Admiration for girls of this type is a taste that has to be acquired, but Europeans have been known to acquire it. The features of our Chinese charmer are scarcely classical, neither is her expression intellectual. No doubt she has some hidden fascination, however, but it needs finding. Gambling-houses are still plentiful, though the formerly famous fantan-dens have been suppressed. Indeed, almost all Chinese are inveterate gamblers. Many a Chinaman has made his "pile" after working hard in Chinatown for several years, yet squandered all his earnings on the voyage back to China, and reached home poorer than when he left it. Opium-dens abound. European opium-smokers almost invariably consume much more opium than any native, and succumb to its effects far more rapidly. A similar remark is applicable to the morphia fiend. If possible, the European morphia fiend in Chinatown is more terrible to look upon than the European victim to opium.

B. T.

LADIES AS HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

The prowess of the Irish teams in the recent Ladies' International Hockey Matches was in no small degree remarkable when it is remembered that though lady hockey-players have abounded in England during the past ten years, Irishwomen were unacquainted with the game until about five years ago, and only took it up with any enthusiasm in 1892-3. In a lecture on "Work and Play," delivered by Miss Fannie Currie, at the Alexandra College, Dublin, some four years ago, she pronounced hockey to be "the most healthy and exhilarating of all outdoor games for girls," a verdict which largely led to the establishment of the Alexandra College Hockey Club. Outside this club the development of hockey-playing on the East Coast of Ireland is undoubtedly due to the exertions of Mrs. Strangways, whose enthusiasm in the matter has been limitless. She is moving spirit of one of the premier Irish clubs, namely, the Merton Ladies' Hockey Club, which takes its name from her residence at Cloneskeagh, where the members are privileged to have their grounds. Though new clubs are springing up all over Ireland, the headquarters of ladies' hockey will always be Dublin, where, in addition to the two flourishing clubs already mentioned, there are the Donnybrook and the Excelsior, as well as the Dundrum and the Howth Ladies' Hockey Clubs, which are in the immediate vicinity. In the South of Ireland the Cork L.H.C. and the "Bog of Allen" L.H.C. are the best-known, while in the North the Londonderry L.H.C. and the Victoria College L.H.C. are showing good promise, but are yet in their early days.

Tennis and cricket had paved the way for hockey, and, once some old-world prejudices were removed, parents, guardians, and heads of schools became warm advocates of the game, which filled such a long-felt want in Ireland, where skating and other kindred winter amusements can be but rarely indulged in, owing to the mild and humid nature of the climate. So well did the Irish ladies' clubs stand in the estimation of the English lady players that a strong and representative team visited Ireland last spring, and played against the principal Dublin ladies' hockey clubs, the great event of the week being the International match—England v. Ireland—which came off on the Alexandra College Club ground at Miltown, and resulted in a win for Ireland by two goals to nil. On this memorable occasion Ireland was represented (see illustration) by Misses Martin, Frances Martin, Daisy Johnson, and F. Henshaw (Alexandra College L.H.C.); Misses A. Boyd, J. Boyd, M. Obré, and N. Obré (Merton L.H.C.); Miss Sealy (Dundrum L.H.C.); and Misses Bell and Shaw (Donnybrook L.H.C.).

The week's matches were in favour of the home teams, but it should be mentioned that the visitors were sadly handicapped by the heavy rains and boggy state of the grounds, to which their opponents, by their residence in the Emerald Isle, were thoroughly habituated.

The Irish Ladies' Hockey Union was founded in 1895, and has already done much for the advancement of the game. All ladies' clubs are eligible, but mixed clubs, of which there are now a goodly number in Ireland, are not admitted. The Union is fortunate in having Miss Stannuell (of lawn-tennis and hockey fame) as its zealous and energetic hon. sec. A Northern Ladies' Hockey Union has been started recently, but at the approaching General Meeting of the Irish Ladies' Hockey Clubs the desirability of amalgamation will be strongly advocated, and the burning question of "gate-money" will also be under discussion.

It is interesting to note that among the best Irish players are to be found several past and present lady tennis-champions whose names are household-words in the Three Kingdoms.



A CHINESE CHARMER.

LADY HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE ENGLISH TEAM.



THE IRISH TEAM.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It was a pretty task Mr. Egerton Castle set himself—the translation of “Prince Otto” into French—one of those chamber-tasks which the amateur man of letters loves to undertake, but which are, for the most part, left sleeping in manuscripts in the depths of old bureaux, only occasionally being alluded to in the presence of very choice and sympathetic friends. But this is an age kind even to the amateur in letters—not that Mr. Castle is generally to be treated as such—and Mr. Lane is a publisher of his age. The work seems to be excellently done, and we are all glad to see any homage paid to Stevenson—the English public can say no more, for the work no further concerns them. The consideration of a clever man of letters’ experiments and recreations is rather a matter for the interests of his own friends and a very small coterie. But in the dedication to Sir Frederick Pollock one finds opinions expressed that have a general interest. Mr. Castle quotes Stevenson’s own love for “Prince Otto,” as well as some words of Mr. Colvin’s to the effect that its admirers are the true Stevensonians, and he gives it as his own opinion that the book is the masterpiece of its author’s genius. Then I hold that the “true Stevensonian” is a bad critic. The author loved “Prince Otto” as one loves a child that has cost a good deal of trouble. It is dear to his friends because it reflects his lovable mannerisms, his delicate audacities, his wayward humours. But in the Essays and in “The New Arabian Nights” these are more skilfully portrayed. The real Stevenson was something robust, much less “precious,” and he wrote “Weir of Hermiston.” The real Stevensonians like both, but distinguish between his essential nature and the changing garments of his moods.

The issue of the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson, as originally planned, ends with the third volume of travels and excursions “In the South Seas.” But a supplementary series will begin in November, and will include some essays and stories hitherto unprinted, the plays written in collaboration with Mr. Henley, the “Vailima Letters,” “St. Ives,” and “Weir of Hermiston.” The last volume of the present series—an account of experiences and observations in the Marquesas, Paumotu, and Gilbert Islands in the course of two cruises on the yacht *Casco* (1888) and the schooner *Equator* (1889)—is selected from a series of papers published partially in *Black and White* and fully in the *New York Sun* in 1891. They never pleased their author, and they did not at the time of their serial issue please the public so much as Stevenson was wont to do. It is true his hand is here less light than usual. He had in writing them a really serious intention. The islands, their customs, characters, and lore, interested him, and he gave a little more of the matter and less of the essence of it all than was his wont. But there is excellent stuff in the papers, and patches of what, I suppose, should be called “real Stevensonian.” We get in them his first impressions of the islands, in all their freshness; watch the fascination working which, quite as much as the healthful climate, determined his resolution to stay where he found “life most pleasant and man most interesting.” “Few men,” he says, “who come to the islands leave them; they grow grey where they alighted; the palm shades and the trade-wind fans them till they die, perhaps cherishing to the last the fancy of a visit home, which is rarely made, more rarely enjoyed, and yet more rarely repeated.” As in every record of travel he ever penned, it is character he is in search of. Nature he loves, but he loves man more, and man in the rough best of all. He came to the islands with, I suppose, as much local information as an ordinary globe-trotter, and no more; but he had knowledge of another race of islanders, and that he used for continual comparison and interpretation. It is through his old acquaintance with Highland ways and customs, with clan legends, with Highland ceremonious manners among the most primitive of conditions, that he looks at these new friends. There is an unmeant pathos which he rarely surpassed in the persistently recurring references to the “hills of home.”

Mrs. Clifford’s “Mere Stories” (Black) is as good a volume of short tales as can be found among the new books just now. Save “Aunt Anne” she has done no better work. Her morbid strain is not much emphasised, and her manner is light and brisk, and very much in the humour of the day. I am not sure, however, but that she may shock a good many readers accustomed to the audacities of modern fiction, for most of them like bald situations and the deeds of emperors or of reckless people to be treated solemnly, while Mrs. Clifford is excessively flippant when dealing with unconventional people and incidents. And she is prone to caricature all Philistines, who generally may be left to do that for themselves. But her tales are none the less amusing; and, indeed, they are too light to bear a weight of heavy criticism.

The Swiss tourist season is on us, and Sir John Lubbock has prepared a book for the holiday-maker in those regions with a mind not too frivolous or too exhausted for exercise, “The Scenery of Switzerland” (Macmillan). It is not written from the æsthetic point of view at all, but treats of the forces that raised the mountains, hollowed out the lakes, and directed the rivers. Sir John has been a lover of the Alps ever since 1861, when he went there with Huxley and Tyndall; and his inquiring eye and mind have puzzled and guessed and investigated on what most tourists take for granted as merely a background for hotels. One gathers that physical geography is as yet a less certain science than elementary text-books give one to understand; but here one has the result of the most careful and the most recent research, and a tourist knowing of its existence must surely take the book with him as he does his Murray and Baedeker.

o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party in the United States may not be an altogether epoch-making event; but it is very singular, and may lead to still more singular results. Nobody seems to suppose that Mr. Bryan, the chosen of the Democrats, has the remotest chance of being elected President against Mr. McKinley; but it is significant that an important political party, even after juggling with its representation, has been able to adopt as its chosen leader an eloquent advocate of repudiation of debt. For this is what the Silver movement comes to. Obligations contracted in gold are to be repaid in silver at the rate of sixteen to one—that is to say, half the debt is to be repudiated by the debtor. And all this is to be done to shake off the domination of the capitalists of the Eastern States of the Union and the rapacity of Lombard Street. Certainly, if this domination is exercised by lending money, the defaulting classes or States will shake it off effectively by paying in silver at double its real value. Nobody (should the Silverite doctrines prevail) will ever lend the United States or its communities or its citizens anything at all, or sell to any of them on credit. What is to prevent those who have paid back gold in overvalued silver from paying back silver in overrated copper, and copper in overrated paper?

It is doubtless the fact that the gold available for money does not increase in the same ratio as the volume of business which it has to do. Thus the gold prices of most articles tend to fall somewhat, and the debtor, besides paying interest, finds the principal gradually growing harder to earn and repay. But the fall of silver relative to gold is enormously larger than that of any other commodity, for the simple reason that silver is too abundant and too easy to get. There are mines in the United States and in Mexico that are reported capable of supplying the white metal at a profit for a shilling (measured in gold) per ounce, or less; whereas the price was once five shillings, and is now about half that sum.

The “usurers of Lombard Street” are probably not largely responsible for the indebtedness of the Southern and Western States; the British investor has seen the danger signals hoisted on most American railways long ago. And certainly the lesson of dishonesty that Democratic orators would teach the people has been first taught them by the very capitalists they wish to despoil. If the railway magnates who have defrauded British and American investors were the creditors to be robbed, two wrongs might make something resembling a righteous judgment. But this can only be the case to a small extent.

The wild talk of Secession indulged in by some of the “Silver” leaders is now probably more bluster than anything else. But it might grow to a serious danger in the future. The great Civil War was due to a conflict of economic interests between North and South. Slavery, the “peculiar institution” of the South, was a necessary part of the industrial organisation of the Cotton States; and this was being restricted by the majority of the States, with a view to its ultimate abolition.

There cannot be any doubt that similar conditions exist between the Gold Party of the East and the Silver Party of the South and West. Silver stands for slavery as the “peculiar institution,” and there is the motive for a war of debtors against creditors. Only in this case there will not be any English sympathy for the Secession element. Mr. McKinley would exclude British goods by his tariff; but at least, if they did get into the United States, he would see that they were paid for in “honest money.” The Silverites, if they are capable of a trade policy, would probably let our manufactures in—and then let us in for one-half the price. No, if it comes to a war of Silver versus Gold, no British capitalist will fit out an *Alabama*.

Of course, nobody has any idea that there is the possibility of a conflict; and it may be that the almost certain defeat of the Silverites at the coming election will give their wild plans the *coup de grâce*. But one of the chief reasons for the great Civil War was the fact that hardly anyone believed in its possibility till it came. The division between parties is not so great, the excitement of feeling nothing like so intense, as over the Slavery question; but there is yet enormous danger in this clashing between the economic interests of two parts of a vast State. It took long to unite the North and South of England in patriotic feeling; and though similarity or diversity of race may have helped, it is probably economic reasons that make Scotland and South Wales integral parts of the United Kingdom, and leave Ireland and North Wales discontented and at times disloyal.

It was economic quarrels that led to the troubles between Patricians and Plebeians; it was economic and money matters that caused the ruin of the Roman Republic and Empire, the English Civil War, the French Revolution, the fall of Napoleon. Shall we see in the future an Armageddon of debtors against creditors, a war of Silver against Gold?

It is curious, however, that the very latest expedient of Democracy should be the debasement of the coinage and the repudiation of debt. For our own Henry VIII. and other despots of a corrupt Europe found that method out long ago, and tried it on a large scale. It did not profit them—much.

MARMITON.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"O'GRADY OF TRINITY." *

University life is hard to depict, as Mr. Mark Pattison and Mr. Andrew Lang have pointed out, and as all University men know. Mr. Hinkson, who has already given us some admirable Dublin scenes in his "Golden Lads and Girls," now gives us a story altogether devoted to the famous University of Dublin, with its single College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. In that circumstance of a single College lie at once his good fortune and his bad: good, because he has not to grapple with the infinite complexities and varieties which surround Oxford or Cambridge life; bad, because many of his English readers may be apt to find a certain tenuity or spareness of University life in this limitation to a



MR. H. A. HINKSON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

single College. But "T. C. D." has one advantage for the story-teller which even the Scottish Universities, with their romantic environment and their strong social contrasts, have not. Ireland, as a whole, is more like Scotland than Dublin is like Edinburgh, Glasgow, or St. Andrews; for in Dublin, the political and social element, the sense of contact with past national history and present national conflict, enters into University life, both seriously and jovially, in a way unparalleled elsewhere in the United Kingdom. The comparative "littleness" of academic life in a University of one College is more than counterbalanced by the insistent presence of the City life, by the marked antagonisms of opinion among its members, by the influences of the real and urgent struggles throughout the country of which Dublin is the metropolis and the University City. Mr. Hinkson makes us feel this vividly, though not violently, and his book is distinctly successful. For one thing, he shows himself a devoted son of Trinity College, and such patriotism is essential to success in such a book. Mr. Hinkson's strength lies in his dramatic or humorous scenes: a boat-race, a steeplechase, a cricket match, a fight, the night after a ball, interviews with an eccentric tutor and a wily bursar, these are excellently described in direct and telling language. No doubt, some readers will detect a certain "Leverishness" in the story; but then, that exuberance, perhaps excess, of light-hearted and reckless humours has long been a characteristic of the place. A Trinity youth, after expatiating upon some peculiarly festive spree, once observed to the present writer, "You Oxford fellows are fifty years old by the side of us!" The reproach, or the compliment, was accepted without emotion, for it was true. But Mr. Hinkson's story is much more than rollicking; it has its serious and charming sides, in the matter of love-making, of

amantium ira, of *amoris redintegratio*; and its most pleasing characters, the secondary hero Daly and the secondary heroine Izod, are conceived and presented with distinction. The book is written with careful simplicity, an attractive ease, and happiness of movement. Two things, perhaps, we miss—a more definite picture of the College itself, its grounds and buildings, and a more studied impression of its, not strictly academic, but intellectual life. But that requires the genius of a Newman, whose Oxford story is at once a theological pamphlet and a masterpiece of ironical humour, of smiling wit. Mr. Hinkson aims at interesting the general public by his vivid narration and brisk movement rather than by any subtlety of manner or any handling of "dry" things; and he has known well from what to abstain no less than what to attempt. His portrait of Trinity, Dublin, is delightfully veracious and vivacious, abounding in excellent amusement, yet not without its touches or strains of something higher. And nothing stands out more strongly than his "loyalty to old Trinity" and to its memories, his sense of the charm in college life, with all its unique experiences, its various exhilaration and delight, its manifold laurels. O'Grady has a goodly share of Trinity triumphs, and deserves them, being the best of fellows; and he is surrounded by fascinating friends. Altogether, Mr. Hinkson is to be congratulated upon a sound and winning piece of work; the more so that it was not easy to succeed, to preserve a decent proportion in choice of incidents, to hold the balance between over-gravity and over-levity, to be bright and animated, yet not undignified. We are grateful for the pleasant pages in which we follow the fortunes of O'Grady, and watch him "traversing the old quadrangles and treading in the hallowed footsteps of Swift, of Berkeley, of Congreve." As Thomas Davis said to the Historical Society, "Trinity College has a fine bill of fare," and Mr. Hinkson sets before us some of its choicest items.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

XII.—BELOW THE BRIDGES.

I'm running excursions every day
On a sort of a ferry-boat,
From London Bridge down to Margate way,
In a railway porter's coat.
I have heard the typhoon scream and hiss—
Churn the sea to a whirling pool,
But I never thought I should come to this
When they bunked me from Rugby School.

Oh, put me back to my 'prentice days
On a full-rigged Eastern clipper,
Bringing China teas through the China seas,
With a sailor-man for skipper!

I'm officer now, make no mistake,
And it's "Sir" on every side;
But the shame!—I think my heart would break
If it hadn't a leather hide.
I'm brass-bound, like a German marine,
My work is as light as can be,
But I wish to God I had never been
Such a fool as to go to sea.

First officer's what they call me now—
I drink at the Cockneys' charges
When they come to me and say, "Now, *how*
Can you dodge them blarsted barges?"
The trippers swagger around the deck
In elaborate yachting-caps;
I'd like to string them up by the neck—
The swaggering longshore chaps!

What do they know of ships? I ask;
What do they know of the sea?
I'd like to set them the simple task
Of furling the tops'ls with me.
I long for a spanking ocean breeze,
For a whiff of the ocean salt,
But I'm driven to mate with fools like these,
And God knows it isn't my fault.

Oh, put me back to my 'prentice days
On a full-rigged Eastern clipper,
Bringing China teas through the China seas,
With a sailor-man for skipper!

GILBERT BURGESS.

* "O'Grady of Trinity." A Story of Irish University Life. By H. A. Hinkson. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ORGAN-GRINDING.

BY ELVIRA TARNEY-ARCHER.

Su, su per l'erta: L' arido suol grigio
 Nelle vampe del sol meridiane
 Si fende. Eccoli a te, verde fastigio
 Ch' alto frescheggi d' oasi montane!
 —Marradi: "Montenero."

Nanni was a handsome fellow. In the sunny and hilly village of Montenero all the girls thought so. But what they thought Nanni did not care: he was true to his sweetheart "La Nina."

Nina was not so beautiful as her lover; Italian women rarely have chiselled features. She was a Tuscan, of that type which charms you at once solely for the intensity of expression in the pale face. You notice the harmony of movements, the softness of the dark eyes, the golden shades of the brown hair, characteristics of the race, only when it is too late to resist their influence, and when that golden hair has entwined itself round your heart.

Nanni and Nina loved each other passionately and faithfully, as Italians can love—when they do love.

So they married early, "too early," the wise heads of the village opined. He was earning little; she, an orphan alone with two little brothers, had no money at all.

They married on a bright April morning, and Nanni, whose heart was as big as his love for Nina, brought home with his young wife her two brothers, Doro and Gigino.

They were all happy together, but sorrow came soon enough to them, as it does to everyone else. It came in the shape of poverty, when Nanni, through the failure of the firm which employed him, lost his situation.

The blow fell hard upon them, because the few francs which Nanni had put by before their marriage had all gone in the last illness of their baby-girl.

Nanni was a brave fellow, and he went on struggling with his misfortunes, trying by an odd job here and there to earn the daily bread of his family. La Nina, too, in her great love for her husband, strove to bear up cheerfully, and often, under the broiling July sun, as, with her babe in her arms, she went about hanging her washing to dry on the green hedge, she would sing her old songs at the top of her voice. She would sing them that Nanni might not notice how hungry and faint she felt an hour after their midday dinner, but it was a hard struggle.

One day, to buy bread, Nanni had to sell his watch. He parted from it with only a sigh, but he nearly broke down when, a few weeks later, he was obliged to pawn the coral necklace of his beloved Nina.

Then he came to a decision. He made up his mind to go away. He would go far, to that big town London, where many of his friends had gone, and from which several had returned with money enough to open a small shop.

Before leaving Montenero, Nanni took the boys to the old church on the hill. He was pale when he knelt and kissed a good-bye to the marble steps of that altar where his love had been blessed but two years before.

Bowed with awe and emotion, Doro and Gigino kept quite still. Then Nanni, in a trembling voice, said, "You will take care of Nina while I'm away, won't you?"

"Yes," answered the boys simultaneously;

"And," continued Nanni, in more steady tones, as he rose from his stooping posture, "you promise, by that Sacred Image, you will see that no trouble comes to her?"

"I swear!" replied Doro.

"I swear!" echoed Gigino; and the impassioned voice of the little boy sounded strange amid the silence of the peaceful house of prayer.

So it came to pass that on one of those beautiful November days, which in his country are piously called "the summer of the dead," bidding adieu to his people and to his birthplace, Nanni started for London, the big, far-away town.

Long after the cart which bore him to the sailing-port had disappeared down the long, winding road of Leghorn, Doro and Gigino

remained staring vacantly at the spot where Nanni, with his blue handkerchief, had waved to them his last salute.

For many weeks after her husband's departure La Nina felt like one stunned. Then, pressing her baby to her heart, she made an effort to master her feelings, and said to herself she would be brave for the sake of her child's father. Thus she went about her work, apparently, in her usual way, the boys trying to help her in it. To please them she strove to be cheerful, but she never sang her old songs again.

Later on a man came to the village. No one but himself knew his name. He wore clothes of English cut, and seemed to encourage the belief that he was an Englishman. But his gait and his manner belied that nationality; moreover, Italians are of keen perception. The peasants of Montenero did not speak of him as "L'Inglese"; they called him "Il Signore Forestiero"—"the foreign gentleman."

But how much of a gentleman he was he alone knew. He knew that his life was spent chiefly at Monte Carlo, and that of Monte Carlo he was one of the mysterious characters. He had come to Montenero by chance, travelling lazily, without aim or object, as he was wont to do at the end of the Riviera season.

He could paint, and he liked to paint pretty faces when they came in his way.

When he first saw La Nina the sad expression on her smiling countenance struck him as beautiful. But he did not say so. He came again to her cottage, and admired the baby.

"She is lovely," he said; "she will grow to be like you."

"Oh, no," answered the fond mother; "she is exactly like her father."

Then he painted the baby.

La Nina, whose pure mind and heart were devoted to her Nanni, far away, never thought for a moment that the "Signore Forestiero" meant a flirtation.

When he told her she grew pale, and, looking straight at him, she said, "Get out of that door, please. Get out, *quick!*" she added, the lines of insulted pride marking her white face.

He came back one morning. "May I say good-bye to you? I am going away," he said.

Nina spoke in a freezing tone. "I am glad you are going," she said, and she stood there erect, looking down at him, tall though he was.

For one instant he seemed abashed. Then the very idea of her contempt maddened him. "I will kiss you all the same," he hissed, and he took a step forward. The next moment he fell, stabbed to the heart.

When the trial came on, Doro and Gigino were asked by the judge whether they did not repent the foul act. "No," they said, and they did not add that they had kept their word to Nanni.

The punishment was not so severe as it would have been for men of different years; but, in sentencing them to a school of correction, the administrator of the law deplored "the shocking perversity of the boys."

In London, Nanni, unconscious of what has just happened at home, counts up his money. And on Saturday night, while calculating in his mind how many more shillings he will require before he can go back to his Nina, to his baby, to his boys, he gaily turns the handle of his organ to the merry old tune of "The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

THE SISTERS RAVOGLI IN "ZANFRETTO."

The other afternoon, at Mrs. Beer's house in Chesterfield Gardens, the Sisters Ravogli introduced to a select audience Mascagni's new one-act piece, "Zanfretto," which has been already performed with some success in Italy. In it the young musician has, not altogether advantageously, changed his style of vigorous direct melody into an idyllic and would-be poetical manner. Frankly, it fits him badly, although in justice it should be said that it was, under the circumstances of pianoforte accompaniment, impossible to judge the value of his orchestration. The little piece is dramatically founded on Coppée's "Le Passant," and it was played very charmingly by the two charming sisters.



Nanni and Nina loved each other passionately.



THE SISTERS RAVOGLI IN "ZANFRETTA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

MR. ARTHUR LAW AT HOME.

It is not often that a soldier turns playwright, although the author of "The New Boy" is only one of many officers who have laid down the sword for the pen. Mr. Arthur Law obtained his commission as ensign in the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers some thirty years ago; he remained in



MR. ARTHUR LAW.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the Army eight years—which included service in India and Burmah—and, even in those early days, was famed in the Service for his histrionic gifts; and when, in 1872, he took what was then the extreme step of leaving the amateur for the professional stage, he found no difficulty in joining one of the best-known stock companies—that of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Some two years later he joined the German Reeds, then in the heyday of their success, and it was at St. George's Hall that he first met the lady who is now Mrs. Arthur Law, though she is known to her wide circle of unknown friends as Miss Fanny Holland.

"Yes, I had been an actor for some years before I seriously turned my attention to play-writing," he observed to a *Sketch* representative; "but I have never regretted this apprenticeship, for to it I owe a practical knowledge of the stage and the conditions under which plays are acted often denied to dramatists, and which has proved of immeasurable value to me from every point of view."

"Your early work was, I believe, done in connection with the German Reeds' Entertainment?"

"Yes," he replied, "nineteen of my comedies were acted at St. George's Hall; 'but 'The Ladies' Idol' was my thirty-ninth play, so, you see, I have not been lazy. I may tell you," he added, after a pause, "that all work done for the German Reed Company had to be written under very special conditions. The whole action of the piece had to be unrolled without the curtain being once rung down, and the interest of the audience had to be held an hour and a half. Again, the cast consisted, as you probably know, of only five persons—three men and two ladies. On one occasion," he concluded, with a smile, "someone in the audience was overheard to say that the younger members of the company were really the children of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and that they adopted other names for professional purposes!"

"Did you not find the conditions under which you were obliged to write very difficult?"

"Yes, indeed; any playwright will tell you that it is far from easy to write a one-act play, especially when that one act must hold the stage for something like ninety minutes. Of course, the St. George's Hall audiences differed greatly from the ordinary theatrical public; in some ways they were more exacting, in others less difficult to please; still, I consider that the experience I gained served me in good stead."

"And what, on the whole, have been the most popular of your thirty-nine plays?"

"Well, 'Old Knockles' and 'Cherry-Tree Farm' were great favourites at St. George's Hall; and, of my later plays, I should undoubtedly name 'The New Boy,' which has been as well received in the provinces as in London, 'A Mint of Money,' produced by Mr. Toole some years ago, and 'The Judge,' with Mr. Penley in the principal part."

"Now, Mr. Law, I want to ask you a rather delicate question. Does the actor make the play, or the play make the actor?"

"Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other," he answered frankly.

"Many a comedy has been ruined by bad acting, while a mediocre play has been pulled out of the fire by good acting; but it may freely be acknowledged that the success of a farcical comedy almost entirely depends on the way the principal part is handled. Those who have seen Mr. Weedon Grossmith as 'The New Boy' will understand what I mean."

"Do you, when writing a play, work round a cast, or are the personalities who are to interpret it indifferent to you?"

"In old days I was obliged to consider the peculiarities and special aptitudes of every member of the German Reed Company; now I rarely trouble myself about the cast. In the case of 'The New Boy,' the plot of which was suggested to me by an incident in real life, I confess I had Mr. Weedon Grossmith in my mind when writing it."

"Have you any theory as to why a good play so often goes a-begging before it finally makes the fortune of actor or author?" I inquired.

"If any of us possessed that knowledge," my host replied thoughtfully, "such a thing as a failure would never be produced. The wisest

and most experienced playwright, manager, and actor can never tell before the first night how a piece is going to succeed. Indeed, if the company are all particularly hopeful at rehearsals, it is generally a bad omen."

"And do you attach much importance to the verdict of the critics?"

"Yes, especially as regards advance booking. The libraries will not buy seats in face of one or two really bad notices published in important papers. But, as regards the ultimate success or failure of a play, the public know best what suits them, and the critic is successful—I speak from a business point of view—only inasmuch as he reflects public opinion. It would be very pleasant," added Mr. Law musingly, "if every critic could be made to serve a stage-apprenticeship. There is a certain technical side to the art of play-writing which can only be judged fairly by one who himself 'knows the ropes.' The critic, I take it, judges of what he sees and hears, as does any other intelligent member of the audience, and perhaps what is best about the play in the point of workmanlike construction escapes him."

"By the way, how do you regard the problem-play?"

"I fancy we shall soon see a return to the 'Sweet Lavenders' and even the 'Castes' of bygone days; for, as has been said of late, the public care for very little as long as they are amused; for a time the problem-play amused them, now it has lost its charm. No, I am not in the least afraid of music-halls. I do not think they will ever really compete with the theatre, and that for several reasons, the most important of which is that the people who frequent the halls would never stand anything in the shape of a long play: their ideal is a short one-man or one-woman turn. When these same people go to the theatre, they want to sit through a play; when they turn into a music-hall they expect to enjoy a totally different class of entertainment."

"Would you care to see managers lower the prices of the seats?"

"Any move made in that direction would require a large capital, and might, after all, lead to a failure. You see, the expenses are greater and the salaries larger than was the case in the days of cheap seats. London playgoers become more and more exacting, and are now only content with the best costumes and the most perfect scenery. Not that I attach undue importance to those things, for there is so much to be considered in the production of a play. I always stage-manage my own work, and I consider every author should do so if he is capable of it."

"And how about your methods of work? How long does it take you to turn out a play?"

"Once I actually begin writing, I do not linger over my work. I wrote 'The New Boy' in about two months. Unlike most people, I never make two copies. Perhaps I ought to correct and re-write more than I do; but I have never felt that my work gains by my doing so, and, once my copy is done, I send it off to the type-writer as it is."

"I never assist at my own first nights. I spend the evening as pleasantly as I can at my club. Towards the end of the second act I stroll in to hear how things are going, and then, if the audience seem to desire my presence, I walk on when all is over."

A DREAM OF THE DRUM.

The Ballad of a Boy's Desire.

I'm going to be a soldier bold
When my beastly school is done,
I'll wear a coat of red and gold
And carry a sword and gun;
I'll have such a helmet, big and bright,
With a splendid waving plume of white!
And if ever the Queen should bid me fight
I must have a horse,
Of course.

In a beautiful ship I'll sail away
Whenever I'm asked to go,
And the drums will beat and the band will play
As we march to fight the foe;
And the ship will spread her big white sails
In the name of the Queen and the Prince of Wales,
And her flag will fly in the storms and gales
As over the foam
We roam.

And then at last when the war is o'er
And the enemy has been slain,
We'll sail for England's shore once more
And cross the roaring main;
We'll march through the streets of London Town,
And the folks will cheer for our great renown,
As they watch our faces scarred and brown,
And peal every bell
As well.

I won't be a parson, smooth and sleek,
I'm not going in for law;
I never will doctor the sick and weak,
I don't want to paint and draw;
But I'm going to be a soldier bold,
With a bright red coat of lace and gold,
And a splendid gun and sword to hold,
And a spirited horse,
Of course.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The future of county cricket never looked so bright as it does at present. The main reason is not far to seek. Never before in the history of the game have the counties reached such a pitch of uniformity in the matter of ability.

At the outset of the season Surrey and Yorkshire went ahead with a terrific lead. For the moment it looked as though it was to be a case of two Eclipses first and the rest nowhere! However, the evolution of time brought about the desired change. Surrey began to feel their foundation wavering, and simultaneously Lancashire and Middlesex commenced to forge their way ahead. At last the overthrow of Yorkshire by Nottinghamshire and Essex completed the "levelling-up" process, and so, instead of the championship looking a gift for Surrey or Yorkshire as against all the other counties, we have four of the competitors pretty well all together in the van.

It happened as I predicted. After having been rejected by the England Team Selection Committee of the M.C.C., Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji was unanimously chosen when it came to the second match, played at Old Trafford last week. Surely such a supremely inane proceeding invites the severest of criticism. For the moment I say nothing as to the eligibility or otherwise of the Indian prince to represent the country of his adoption. What I do protest against, and that very strongly, is the stupid anomaly of one set of officials declaring Ranjitsinhji to be ineligible, and another, a few weeks later, deciding that he is not.

This at once dissipates the notion we had all entertained that since the suicide of the ill-fated Cricket Council the M.C.C. was to be regarded as the all-powerful authority. It was the M.C.C. who dictated the terms of the county championship competition, and yet a subsequent ruling is contemptuously refused by one of the counties. That Lancashire have been guilty of disrespect to the parent body, I do not believe. The M.C.C. have by their advanced conservatism placed the counties in a condition of mental uncertainty. What we need is a sensible understanding all round, and if it should be so agreed, the election of the M.C.C. would give universal satisfaction. But the M.C.C. would have to rouse itself from its overpowering lethargy. We must move with the times.

As I have already intimated, the issue of the county championship is now almost as open as it was at the beginning. To-morrow may see some changes. Surrey have to go to Catford Bridge, a place they must by this time detest. It is true Kent have been doing badly this season; but, then, Kent nearly always do badly, and yet frequently manage to give Surrey something to think about. There are only three other matches. Essex will be visited by Derbyshire, and this should furnish a good game. Yorkshire, at home, should conquer Somerset, and at Lord's the Australians will endeavour to take revenge for the dreadful indignity put upon them by the M.C.C. in the first match.

Monday next will be a busier day. At the Oval Surrey will play the Australians for the first time, and will, in my opinion, beat them, thus doing what no other county has accomplished this season. Lancashire at Old Trafford ought to experience no trouble with Somerset, but Yorkshire, at home, will find Gloucestershire an improved team. At Brighton, Middlesex play Sussex, usually a heavy-scoring match; and Kent ought to wipe out their Warwickshire defeat. Leicestershire, who are in a dreadful way this season, will meet another poor bowling county in Hampshire.

ATHLETICS.

After a lapse of many years, a renewal has just been made with the meetings of the London Athletic Club and a team of United Hospitals. The young medicos possess a number of very fine athletes just now, and, as a result, the defeat sustained on the first occasion was avenged with fair ease by $6\frac{1}{2}$ points to $4\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The great feature of the meeting was the magnificent running by the ex-champion, H. A. Munro, who fairly ran E. J. Wilkins, the London representative, off the track in the three miles. A. G. Butler, of the Hospitals, was also seen to splendid advantage, for he opened by beating the Half-Mile amateur champion, W. A. de C. King, by two yards, and then actually put "paid" to the account of E. C. Bredin, the old champion in the Quarter, the time being $51\frac{1}{2}$.

Godfrey Shaw appears quite invincible at hurdling, and it will be a long time, I think, before we find anyone capable of touching him at this branch of athletics. He won the 120 Yards here in the good time of 16 sec. dead, the Hospitals' representative, F. H. Allfrey, being second. Wilkins won the One Mile for the L.A.C. in 4 min. $52\frac{1}{2}$ sec., but Leggatt, of the Hospitals, jumped highest. It is a pity the Hospitals are not stronger at cricket or football. St. Bart's, the best of them all at the Association game, is not of much account, and St. Thomas's, the Rugby Champions, came in for some awful thrashings at the hands of some of the Metropolitan clubs last year.

FOOTBALL.

Among the number of little leagues which are springing up on all sides, the London Football League promises well. Still, I cannot help thinking it a great mistake to make a league a panacea for all evils. One or two leagues are all very well in their way, but a multiplicity of them is pretty certain to lead to irritating clashing and confusion.

The Management Committee of the London League at their meeting last week got through their business in workmanlike style, and with that fine sportsman, Lieutenant Simpson, hon. secretary of the London Football Association, accepting a vice-presidency, the new association is bound to flourish. I wish it much success.

Already the various League clubs are setting their houses in order for the forthcoming football season. From all accounts the season of 1896-7 should be a record one. It is pleasant to note that Woolwich Arsenal have got rid of one or two members who were neither useful nor ornamental to the side. The Arsenal Club have, in the face of numerous difficulties, done much for the future of Metropolitan football, but all their good work would have been undone had they introduced a spirit of ruffianism which would not be tolerated even in the North; and that is saying something, for they take their football very seriously in the provinces. The outlook for amateur Association football is none too bright, but it is rather too early to speak. Much depends upon the Universities.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Glorious Goodwood will be glorious indeed this year if the weather is fine, as all the houses in the neighbourhood have been taken, and royalty will be well represented at the meeting. The racing will be of the highest interest. I am told Mr. Leonard Brassey hopes to win the cup with Pride, who will have something to do to beat Count Schomberg. The Stewards' Cup will, as usual, bring out a big field, and it would not surprise me at all to see Encounter run well, as the horse has won twice over the course already.

It is a pity that Mr. A. Baily should have allowed Gazetteer to remain in the acceptances for the Liverpool Cup, as a great many big speculators lost money over the ultimate scratching of this horse. As I have before stated, the Liverpool Cup has not gained in popularity of late years. From information received, I am inclined to think Paris III. will run well for the race this week. The horse thrives in tropical heat, but he cannot stand the cold. Marsh had a deal of trouble to acclimatise Paris III., and it may not be generally known that stimulants were freely given to the horse during his training for the Great Northamptonshire Stakes. Stout was the tonic chosen, the same drink, by-the-by, that gave courage to Earl of Annandale in his training a year or two back.

Mr. Richard Dunn, who has to bear the brunt of a prosecution by the Anti-Gambling League, lives in a stylish house close to the Hurst Park public entrance. Mr. Dunn is fond of the water, and his steam-launch, heavily loaded, is to be often seen on the upper reaches of the Thames. He is fond of horses, and drives a pair of beauties. He is, too, fond of foreign travel, and he generally winters abroad. All racegoers know Mr. Dunn as a *raconteur* of the first water; but he is more than that, as he sometimes dabbles in journalism, and can, at a pinch, write a very amusing, not to say instructive, novelette.

Sir J. Blundell Maple has met with very bad luck at racing this year. More's the pity, as Sir Blundell spends a lot of money over his training and breeding establishments, which are, perhaps, the best-appointed of any in England. If I were Sir Blundell I would get rid of all my old horses in training and get a new lot. Even Mr. James Lowther got tired in the end of running bad horses over and over again with the same result. It cannot be too widely known that a good horse does not cost a halfpenny more to keep than a bad one, and the law as to the survival of the fittest should be applied to all our training-stables.

One of the funniest coincidences I have heard for a long time was told to me the other day. Of course, the Wood v. Cox case will always live in the memories of racing men of this generation. Well, Mr. Bingham-Cox took a house at Brighton for three years. It was, I am told, a palatial residence, but Mr. Cox, at the end of the term, gave it up to occupy a mansion in the West of England. A new tenant was found for the Brighton house, and he turned out to be the well-known jockey, C. Wood, who stepped into the house lately occupied by his opponent.

Gatwick is one of the prettiest courses in the Metropolitan district, and the Clerks of the Course have always displayed plenty of enterprise, so that in time this enclosure should be one of the best-paying of the gate-money ventures. It is, however, a matter for regret that the club enclosure is not better filled at Gatwick. I think the managers should allow coaches to stand on the opposite side of the course. This would attract parties from the country houses in the neighbourhood, to say nothing of the Metropolitan district generally. Further, the public ought to be allowed to cross the course, where a capital view of all races is to be had from the hill.

Very few jockeys would have remained on active duty when suffering from their eyes as Tom Loates has been of late. I believe Loates is very keen on finishing at the head of the winning list this year, and he does not like to miss a single opportunity of riding a winner. Loates has been under the professional care of Dr. Tom Robinson, a brother of the popular Judge to the Jockey Club.

"MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

There was more than one opinion as to the absolute value of the new domestic musical play, yet not two as to its chance of success, although there were heard some unfriendly noises at the end of the evening. Perhaps, however, the tokens, not very serious, of dissent were due to the annoyance of some folk at the themes chosen for merriment. Certainly there is more of daring than discretion in the making fun, however comically, of the Hebrews to entertain a house largely supported by the *jeunesse* and also *vieillesse dorée* of the Chosen Race. It cannot be pretended even that the authors have done their jesting gently. No doubt, the part played with prodigious success, that of Sammy Moses, the Jew outside broker who poses as Andrew McGregor, is not wholly ill-natured, and when, at the prompting of his Rebecca's black eyes, he drops the Scotch, and assumes the manner and race to which he was born, he becomes what the journalist calls "a sympathetic personage." Fontein, however, is an unpleasant caricature—at least, I hope a caricature—to the end.

It may be, however, that those in the house who sat as targets for the jests of Mr. Adrian Ross and Mr. Tanner comforted themselves by noticing that at least they were put forward as persons of some mental activity, which is more than can be said of the other characters, and it may be permissible to take greater pride in mental than moral or social qualities.

I notice that up to this I have quite avoided expressing an opinion concerning "My Girl" as an entertainment. Frankly, it is somewhat disappointing. It seemed reasonable to hope for something more radically entertaining than this jejune melodrama tricked out ingeniously with songs and dances. All the materials were at command—an able musician, a capital company, and a remarkably clever writer of light verse, and, in the end, one is forced to look for pleasure to the success of the individual turns. I am not saying that success did not come. Mr. John Le Hay alone supplied almost enough laughter for an evening's entertainment. When one remembers how nicely quiet, how sharp and alert, was his fun, and consequently the pleasure one had in laughing at it, and then thought of what would have happened if one of the perhaps more popular low comedians had taken the part, there rises a feeling of gratitude to Mr. George Edwardes for his judgment.

However, it is not to be suggested that Mr. Le Hay alone made and deserved a hit. There was Miss Connie Ediss, a lady with whose work I was quite unacquainted: most of the house, I believe, shared my ignorance. She came on, and by force of vigour and cleverness, used in a music-hall style of the deepest dye, promptly took the fancy of the house, and the song "Sir Tom" seems bound for the barrel-organs and mechanical pianos. By-the-by, it is rather quaint that the term "mechanical piano" should be applied to an instrument which, alas! knows nothing of the piano, and can only indulge in the forte.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, of course, was delightful—it is her nature to, if I may misquote Watts, and drop one "o" of the "too." Yet I have seen her in parts allowing fuller scope for her dainty charm. After all, Mr. Ross, on whom one relies more than on Mr. Tanner, has fought somewhat shy of the sentimental. No wonder, for a man with his keen sense of humour must have been horribly hampered by the incongruity of the idyllic love-scenes and the Stock Exchange—or rather, bucket-shop—atmosphere. Consequently, it was to be expected that those who were set for the sentimental parts would not be well furnished. There was humour to temper the love affairs of Miss Marie Montrose, the Hebrew sweetheart of McGregor—otherwise Sammy Moses—and a charming, piquant maiden was Rebecca. Indeed, thinking of her and the Gentile girls, one could not help remembering Thackeray's remarks concerning the relative charms of the heroines of "Ivanhoe."

Dr. Carr's music is not, perhaps, at its best. To me his work is pleasantest when highest aimed; indeed, "His Excellency" has rather dulled me for the excellencies of the new score, which lacks the style of the Gilbert-Carr work without showing the broad humour that appeared in "Joan of Arc" and "Morocco Bound." Yet there is plenty of life in the numbers of "My Girl," and some are very taking. Mr. Ross is as ingenious in ideas for the lyrics, but seems to have taken less pains than usual, and, in consequence, there are slipshod lines that I am surprised to see in his work, distinguished as a rule for neatness and ease of style. Of course, dancing plays an important part, and Miss Katie Seymour is in the bill. I wish she had more to do, for she appears to have grown even more exquisitely deft than she used to be in the manœuvring of her fluttering feet. It is a pity that the management does not give her another dance to take place of the new *pas-de-trois*, which is a poor sort of affair. By-the-by, Mr. Telbin's back-cloth in the second act is a beautiful piece of scene-painting.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned several actors who did work good of its kind, such as Messrs. Colin Coop, Willie Warde, Charles Ryley, and Paul Arthur. Mr. Downes' "Witch Song" made a "hit," but appeared to me to be a curious case of misfit of melody and words—certainly, Mr. W. H. Rawlins deserved some credit for his acting as Van Fontein.

"THE HONOURABLE MEMBER."

Even if "The Honourable Member" does not show that Mr. Gattie has grown more skilled in the strange art of the dramatist than he appeared to be in "The Transgressor," it proves that the qualities recognised in the play produced by Miss Olga Nethersole were not due to a mere lucky hit. I must admit, reluctantly, some feeling of disappointment, and yet perhaps it is unreasonable. I do not like to see a man showing the cowardice of his opinions. In "The Transgressor," Mr. Gattie frankly attacked the painful problem of "Jane Eyre." He presented to us hero and heroine fighting for happiness at great odds. They loved one another; yet between them was a fearful obstacle—his lunatic wife. Throughout one feared that the dramatist would get himself out of the difficulty—and his characters also—by killing the wife. He did not. He faced it out, and so did they, and the man and woman, like many thousands at whom no few of us are not entitled to throw stones, resolved to face themusic, the discordant music, of Mrs. Grundy's voice. In "The Honourable Member" the same situation is presented. Luke Heron, the manly editor of the *Advertiser*, and Mary Douglas love one another; but there is an obstacle. She is a married woman, with a husband in a German jail. Heron implores her to scorn the conventional bondage of the law and come to live with him. She loves him—but? There is a great deal of passionate rhetoric, and suddenly the outstanding husband dies, and all trouble is over. I prefer the audacity of "The Transgressor" to this.



MISS MADGE MCINTOSH.
Photo by Guy, Linerick.

Moreover, one is entitled to ask what these love affairs have to do with a play the real, or at least, the declared, object of which is a study of a Member of Parliament? Judging from the title and the careful development of his character, one assumed, and not unreasonably, that Mr. Ditherby, the wealthy proprietor of the *Advertiser*, the Nonconformist Radical running a political paper in hope of a peerage, would be the central figure of the play—in reality, he proved to be comparatively unimportant. The truth is that the author has little sense of form or proportion; in a word, of construction. "The Honourable Member" is, in fact, a sort of bundle of short plays loosely tied together. Yet no small skill was shown in drawing character. There was a fascinating study of a bumptious company-promoter, and a very comic scene in which he was thoroughly snubbed. Mr. Bernage played the part admirably. Ability was shown in a melodramatic sketch of the wretched, downtrodden secretary of Mr. Ditherby, who, to punish his bullying employer, steals and hides his wife's jewels; the man's confession to save the heroine, and his attack on the honourable member, whose brutal, callous treatment was the true cause of the crime, were very dramatic. Mr. James Welch startled the house by his brilliant acting as the secretary. Of all our character-actors he seems to be richest in the power of modifying his identity, and, perhaps, even in power.

Miss Madge McIntosh, who has for some time been on tour with Mr. F. R. Benson, played several secondary rôles in that manager's Shaksperian revivals at the recent Stratford-on-Avon Festival with a sincerity and variety of expression which showed that she had much improved in her art since she last acted in town with Mr. Edward Terry. In "The Honourable Member" she had the trying part of the heroine, and played it charmingly. No doubt, there was a little monotony in her gestures, and she was too fond of hiding her face in her hands; but one must excuse some marks of inexperience where such ability is shown. Mr. Scott Buist had no light task as Luke Heron; but he played it with ease and power. Mr. Anson acted with much unforced humour as Mr. Ditherby. On the whole, though somewhat disappointing, Mr. Gattie's work is of some value, and perhaps, if vigorously revised, might prove successful: certainly it is good enough to arouse one's curiosity as to his next contribution.

The time for criticism of Charles Reade's "Drink" and Mr. Warner's acting as Coupeau have gone by: there is no need to speak save of the merit of the gloomy play and astounding performance. I do not pretend to admire Mr. Warner's acting in most parts; it is too "breezy," too buoyant, and too obvious for my taste. In "Drink," however, he gives a performance of such extraordinary power that no playgoer should miss seeing him while he is playing at the Princess's Theatre.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

I fancy the Wheel Club at Hereford House, South Kensington, has proved a great success. I fancy the Floral Parade which took place there lately gave much satisfaction. I fancy the number of members is increasing steadily. I fancy we see there some of the finest women-riders in London. I fancy Miss Alice Murray sustained a nasty shock when the tyre of her machine flew off so suddenly. I fancy she is one of the most graceful riders. I fancy that other people think so too. I fancy she fancies so herself.

Those who have been rejoicing in the more wholesome state of mind displayed by the young ladies of the present day, as shown by their callousness to a rubicund or even freckled complexion as the natural and



A CYCLE SUNSHADE.

inevitable result of indulging in a healthy exercise in all weathers, will learn with mingled feelings of the latest cycling invention and desideratum as depicted in the accompanying illustration. Whether it is that the fashionable riders of Battersea and Hyde Park are glad to exchange any colour for the washed-out appearance produced by late hours and a generally artificial existence, or whether it is that Londoners are merely behind the times, history does not reveal. However that may be, the fact remains that, in order to see cycling up to date, it is necessary to make a pilgrimage to the somewhat out-of-the-way but picturesque village of Hurstpierpoint, Hassocks. Here members of the fair sex of all ages may be seen whirling away at any hour of the day, regardless even of the tropical rays of the sun at noon, completely sheltered as they are by the parasols of varied hues which each one carries securely fixed to the handle-bar of her machine.

The invention, though novel, is certainly not without attractions, the mechanism being exceedingly simple, and the result all that can be desired, if one may judge from the remarkably delicate complexions of the lady cyclists in the vicinity of that part of Sussex where the new apparatus is in vogue. It appears that a small metal socket is fastened by screws to the handle-bar; into this socket the telescopic handle of the sunshade is screwed, and can be fixed at the required height by means of a thumb-screw. By an ingenious device the whole sunshade collapses into a leather case of microscopic proportions, which can be strapped to one of the bars of the machine, to which it adds no appreciable weight. The inventor is a Sussex lady philanthropist, who views with horror the ascent of her sex, and who consequently rejoices in having been instrumental in preserving for her fair cycling friends not only their complexions, but, at the same time, one of the few remaining accessories of their toilette of a distinctly feminine character.

On the strength of my suggesting lately that someone should design a compact aluminium outfit for the use of cycling tourists, a Mr. Richard Jones, of Glasgow, has sent for inspection a neat shaving-outfit which he has just patented. It consists of a camp razor-strop, on either side of which, at one end, there is a pocket. One pocket contains a small razor, the other a comb, and at the opposite extremity of the strop we find a shaving-brush. The outfit is fairly light and, when folded in two, fits easily into a coat-pocket.

There was something pathetic about the remarks made recently by Sir George S. Meason at the annual meeting of the R.S.P.C.A., when he moved the adoption of the report, in which it was stated that the strength of dogs is often overtaxed by thoughtless persons who travel for long distances at high speed and forget all about the faithful four-footed friend tearing bravely along behind them. It has been said that man is the only animal that women treat with cruelty; but, as a fact, the sensitive sex are out-and-out the worst offenders with regard to the form of torture alluded to by Sir George Meason. Naturally, their cruelty arises solely from thoughtlessness. What self-respecting lady would think of giving her conceited canine pet that daily attends the Dogs' Toilet Club in Berkeley Square a stiff twenty-mile "breather" along a dusty country road?

The foolish trick of cycling in the public streets with hands off the handles still prevails among a certain set of men. If only they could realise that instead of being admired by onlookers they are only laughed at, they might desist. Some of these "bravos," ashamed to "show off" too openly, blow their nose vigorously with both hands, or adjust their hat in like manner, or light a cigarette, or fumble in their coat-pockets;

while the less refined suddenly scratch themselves furiously, as though half-a-dozen pneumatic microbes were crawling over their person. It is all very silly. Of course, ladies may so ride with impunity, for they then look more than ordinarily graceful, and a graceful woman looks charming, and there you are. Man, on the contrary, looks *bête*. Besides, by so acting he shows that he is not accustomed to riding on horseback. No man fond of riding, let alone hunting, would think of "showing off" on a "bike."

There is no abatement of the cycle craze in Australia. On the contrary, it seems to be spreading, and the cycle industry is about the only trade "underneath" that may be said to be in an absolutely flourishing condition. Not content with importations of reputable—and reputable—English, German, and American machines, Australian mechanics have taken to the manufacture of wheels in dead earnest, and cycle companies are being formed all over the place. Particularly in Melbourne is this the case, where the demand for machines is greater than in any other Australian town. This is probably occasioned by the fact that the roads are so wide and level—the best in the world, as Zimmerman pronounced them. The result is that the erstwhile marvellous city of the South has become alive with cyclists, and thousands of enthusiasts may be seen spinning over the smooth tramway tracks from morning to night. The women, no less than the men, have been smitten hard with the craze, and though rational dress has not yet found abundant favour among women of the *bon ton*, there are many who openly flaunt it and betake themselves for a merry spin on the easy-running diamond-framed machines. Slowly but surely the bifurcated garb is ousting the cumbersome and flopping skirt, and the recent appearance of Mrs. Brown-Potter, the well-known and beautiful actress, in Melbourne's streets, arrayed in neat Parisian-cut knickerbockers, has given a considerable fillip to the cause of rationality in cycling-dress.

Before this weird woman arrived, however, the local cyclists, or cyclades, had made a distinct step in advance by holding the first ladies' road-race in Australia. This was successfully brought off a month or so ago just out of Melbourne, a local cycle agent offering attractive money prizes for the winners. The distance was eleven miles, over a fairly good road, and the event brought forth eleven competitors, all clad in "rationals." It was a keen contest, and was witnessed by thousands of cyclists. The competitors, who had been in training for the event, were paced by their male friends in true "scorching" fashion. The winner turned up in Mrs. Powell, who was on the limit mark and who compassed the distance in forty-two minutes. A Miss Fraser was second, and the scratch lady, Mrs. O'Meagher, third, her time of thirty-nine minutes being the fastest. Interesting and novel as the event proved, it cannot be said that the people who witnessed it were very favourably impressed with the spectacle of several rationalised women careering madly and breathlessly along the public road.



WINNER OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN LADIES' ROAD-RACE.

Photo by Barron and Co., Melbourne.

GHOSTS.

The Cinématographe was hard at work in the Empire when I passed through Leicester Square one night last week, and the momentary recollection of information unobtained turned me out of my course for a few brief moments.

"Mr. Slater is in the Lounge, sir," said the one and only Jim; "shall I tell him you are here?"

"Yes, please do," I answered, and walked into the manager's office, where, on account of the Cinématographe aforesaid, the lights were out. However, I know my way, and managed to find the accustomed seat.

Soon I became conscious of a subdued conversation carried on all round me. Listening attentively, I could distinguish fragmentary remarks in voices strangely familiar, and could catch occasional glimpses of well-known faces.

"The idea of leaving us here!" said a voice in the far corner. "A music-hall is no place for the *élite* of the dramatic profession. I don't know what Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Scott can be thinking about."

The voice seemed to belong to a leading actress blessed with beauty, talent, and pride; what was it doing here?

"It is all very well for you," answered the voice of one Stephanus; "you have plenty of room. Somebody has thrown a duster right over my face. I've a very good mind to scream out like I do across the road."

"Don't complain," said Nance Oldfield from a corner; "we all have our troubles. I am put in a terrible draught, and shan't be able to stand up to-morrow for rheumatism."

"Why," said the Princess Flavia angrily, "have I been turned with my face to the wall? I'm just about the best-looking of you all, and yet I'm placed in this ridiculous position. I shall certainly complain to Mr. Tennent."

"Some people think a lot of themselves because they fetch eighty pounds in a raffle," said a voice at my elbow, belonging to somebody I could not see. "Charitable people often have more money than wit."

"You're quite right, my dear," replied another lady *sotto voce*; "it's simply ridiculous! And I didn't fetch ten pounds."

By this time I was becoming cognisant of the fact that I sat in the company of the leading ladies of theatrical history, and jumped to the conclusion that their astral bodies had been collected for some purposes of entertainment within the manager's room. Mine was a novel position, and not altogether pleasant, for my presence was clearly ignored, and I was fearful of hearing more than was good for me. "Just fancy putting me behind Sister Mary Jane's top note," grumbled someone in the far corner. "How can one expect to fetch a good price when all that rubbish is put in front? It's positively absurd! Charity is everything, but stage-management must not be overlooked."

"This is terrible!" whispered Mercia to Stephanus. "I've been put close to that notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. How am I to wear the white flower of a blameless life and live up to my reputation in such company?" And I heard the beautiful Christian sigh deeply, while Charley's Aunt, whose comical face was just visible in the gloom, chuckled unkindly.

I sat motionless, waiting for light to be restored; and then there was another outcry from a hitherto quiet corner. It was Ibsen's Mrs. Alving and Jane, formerly in service at the Comedy Theatre. Mrs. Alving said that Jane was no better than she should be, and that she would not give her a situation if every domestic in Scandinavia was out on strike. Jane replied that she had heard that Mrs. A.'s establishment was no luxury, and repeated some scandal about a parson. I think it was Ruth Rolt who made peace between the angry pair; but even then Mrs. Alving said something about ghosts, and Jane said "Rats!"

Now came a fresh trouble. "If you don't leave off flirting with that good-for-nothing Nan, I'll never speak to you again." It was Juliet calling with tearful voice across the darkened room to Romeo, who took no notice. "I expect what they tell me about you and Rosalind is quite true," continued Juliet, and then Jo came to Romeo's rescue, and talked his angry lady into a good humour.

Another of Mr. Ibsen's friends then took the floor. This time it was Hilda, the Master Builder's friend, who audibly requested Mrs. Bagot to cease pushing. Poor, foolish Mrs. Bagot said she only came in from the Haymarket to see that Little Billee was not flirting with anybody, and at this Hilda became very angry, and said that neither mother nor son was fit company for sensible, thinking people, and that both ought to be put in a doll's-house. Mrs. Bagot said something unpleasant about the doll's-house best known to Mr. Ibsen's friends, and then Hilda threatened to kill her beautifully. At this there was a veritable commotion. Olive Allingham and Priscilla fainted, Kate Heathcote nearly slipped from her span of life, Lady Teazle screamed, Queen Eleanor and Lady Macbeth offered to lend daggers. I rose hurriedly to prevent bloodshed, and at that moment the lights went up, the door opened, and Mr. Slater hurried in. "Hullo!" he said. "What's up? You look frightened."

I said something about the heat and the weather, and having been shut up in the dark; but all the time I was staring round the little room. Piled up one above the other in every available nook and corner were countless dolls, each bearing resemblance to some famous actress, and dressed in the costume of some character that had been made famous. "They are from the Theatrical Bazaar held last week for the Actors' Orphanage Fund," said Mr. Slater. "We exhibit them every afternoon this week upstairs. Come in, if you can, before the show is over."

I recommend my extraordinary adventure to the attention of Mr. Borderland Stead.

S. L. B.

SOME ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Princess Maud has had a great many presents, but few of them come with the appropriateness of the solid silver toast-racks which have been presented to her by thirty ladies in society of the name of



A TOAST-RACK.

Maud. The divisions of each rack are in the form of the letter "M," and are surmounted by models of her Royal Highness's coronet. They were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company. A very valuable gift is that of the "baby" grand piano which Mr. Daniel Mayer, of Messrs. Erard, has presented to her Royal Highness. The cover is made of satinwood and mahogany inlaid with the choicest woods in the most beautiful and chaste design after the Sheraton period. It is fitted with the pianoforte resonator (Daniel Mayer patent). To those who really understand the pianoforte, the invention of the simple, practically invisible, apparatus of manganised steel sheets, which reinforce and purify the sound of the instrument, must seem one of the most remarkable, or, indeed, the most remarkable, event in a brief and very eventful history. Perhaps the most important function of the resonator was not adequately shown. It is a great thing to be able to increase the power and improve the tone of a new piano,



A PIANO FOR THE PRINCESS.

but greater to be able to say that for a few pounds a new lease of life may be given to an old friend—that, in fact, the time-worn instrument which one is loth to abandon may be rendered more brilliant and fascinating than it was when first its tones induced one to purchase it.

A CHARMING SPITZ.

There was a good deal about dogs in *The Sketch* last week (writes a correspondent). On the very day on which those pictures appeared I had the pleasure of being introduced to a most charming little Spitz, "black as Erebus," who rejoices in the name of Bijou, and has for a mistress a lady well known in Society, to whom, I am sure, it must be most delightful to belong. Bijou has the most perfect manners, and he puts up with the caresses of those introduced to him with a very perfect courtesy. An example of this exemplary behaviour was mentioned to me by his mistress. She took him with her to see some nice old ladies in the workhouse, and they, deceived by his long, silky hair, his lovely ruff, his dear little nose, and the becoming red riband about his dainty throat, actually believed this charming Spitz was a Persian cat, and, having passed him round, they returned him to his mistress with the remark that he was a "beautiful cat, and no spite nor claws nor scratchin' about him."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

GARDEN-PARTIES AND GOODWOOD.

So far, the season has been a phenomenal one, inasmuch as that it has been possible to name the happy day of a garden-party, or picnic, or country club dinner in the sure and certain hope of fine weather. From her Majesty's gala afternoon at Buckingham Palace to the mildest suburban fête the gods have been gentle with our merry-makings, and no disconcerting downpour has come to mar our muslins or make light of



A ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

sketches, a veritable poem in the last fancies of fashion, which now turn sedately to the subdued but smart duet of black and white. This gown is a *lainage*, or, more properly, the lightest possible mixture of silk and wool in *carreaux* of black and white. Garnitures of lace and jet, in the form of rose-bouquets, are placed in irregular groups on the wide skirt. The black satin epaulettes are a great feature, with a white net frill edged with black velvet. A folded ceinture of wide ribbon shading olive-green and brown is matched by parasol in green faille and hat trimmed with ribbon-leaves in similar shades and a bunch of black plumes—altogether a most complete and dainty effect. I would have called it smart, but hear, on indubitable authority, that dear, expressive word is now replaced by “trotty,” which, however descriptive, is somewhat wanting in reverence. Fancy a “trotty girl” or a “trotty supper-party”! How deplorably their individual innocent attractiveness might be misunderstood! At “trotty,” therefore, my vocabulary absolutely halts. One must Bowdlerise somewhere!

With Royalty distributing prizes, and a programme of unusual attractions even for Ranelagh, Saturday's meeting was a function of special import. Besides a well-contested polo-match between the 9th Lancers and an opposing force on behalf of the club, reckoning such notable sportsmen as Lord Shrewsbury, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. Bellville, there were novelties galore in the Gymkhana—the Victoria Cross Race, in which competitors had to jump hurdles and rescue dummies in the face of death-dealing blank cartridges from pickets stationed near: effigies of Trilby, Svengali, General Booth, and other beauties in distress, were gallantly rescued by knights intent on grave or glory; a potato race, in which Lord Villiers, Comte de Madre, and Mr. Clutterbuck covered themselves with honour; and a tandem-race, won by Mr. Miller's pair, were a few among the various excitements. Lord Shrewsbury came off first in the postilion race and two others, notwithstanding the fact of having had his face in hospital since a foregoing field-day at Paris. Altogether, Saturday's programme was a capital combination of events, and the club is, in fact, indebted in no small degree to Lord Ava's indefatigable efforts for its present popularity.

Of frocks and frivolity in chiffons generally there was a very full display, one curious gown being a blue-foulard with a white base, on

our *plein-air* refreshment-tents, as in the Shahzada's case even last year. Magnificent gowns graced the occasion of the Buckingham Palace Garden-Party, one of the prettiest women present being, perhaps, the Countess Clary, *née* Kinsky, who, with her sister, Countess Osy Kinsky, has been one of the belles of Vienna and Teritet seasons of late; and there were Mrs. Asquith, always smart as the proverbial “paint,” in lettuce-green under cloudy chiffon; Mrs. Cazalet, whose successful married début into Society has rapidly promoted her into the ranks of “hostesses to be known”; Madame Albani, gorgeous in successful combination of black and white, and the rest of the interesting and notable world generally.

Talking of black and white brings me to the *résumé* of one of this week's

which various coloured designs in angles appeared. A flounce of tucked foulard went round the hem, which was trimmed with Bretonne lace and embroidered tulle. The little bodice, cut bolero fashion, had wide lapels of green satin overlaid with lace. This material, repeated at neck, sleeves, and waist-belt, was arranged with the *chic* of Parisian fingers, and, on being introduced to its wearer, I found that it had indeed crossed St. George's Channel, as I had surmised. Another delicious frock worn at Sandown on auspicious Eclipse Friday was in pearl-grey *crêpe de Chine*, lined with yellow-green taffetas. An undulated flounce in overlaid lace went round the skirt, showing a transparency of green taffetas. The bodice, also in this charming colour, was veiled with cream accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, embroidered in pearl-grey silk. A short bolero, made very open, of the grey *crêpe de Chine*, was beautifully embroidered in seed-pearls and gold thread; the sleeves, to match, were draped high above the elbow. Neck and waistband were of white satin under real lace, the latter fastened at one side by handsome buttons of paste and green enamel. The wearer's identity I missed in the excitement of a neck-and-neck rush past, but fancy, from a hasty glimpse, it was either Lady Grey Egerton or Mrs. William Bonsor.

Miss Ruby Spencer Churchill and Miss Brodie Hoare looked very nice in maiden-white muslin, and a smart but somewhat bizarre effect was vouchsafed by a lady—name unknown—who made her bets, after the negligent manner of millionaires, in ponies. Her frock, of taffetas glacé, with a black-and-green design, had a plain skirt, with gathers at sides and back. The bodice, very cleverly put together, was formed of long plaits stitched and separated by plain intervals. In front a demi-bolero was made of handkerchiefs of orange taffetas, printed with cashmere designs in straw threads. The revers opened over a front of cream mousseline de soie with straw embroidery, half-length sleeves of the taffetas being finished with ties of orange handkerchiefs and rosettes of the mousseline. A most daring but successful gown. I hear from modish friends in St. Petersburg that grey is the favourite colour there, in compliment to the Tsaritsa's fondness for its soft, becoming hue. In returning to St. Petersburg on the 4th, for instance, the Empress wore a dress of soft dove-grey silken stuff, and next day, my frivolous correspondent confides, she, in common with a dozen other leaders of fashion, was separately interviewing her dressmaker with a view to fascinating effects in grey gowns.

I went to the opera on Tuesday to see the last, for this season, of the brothers de Reszke. A full house and brilliant, with a fine show of diamonds, ancestral and acquired, in the boxes, not to mention a packed condition of lower-priced mortals. Ah me! one cannot hear of grand forthcoming arrangements by Messrs. Abbey and Grau without a sigh for “the king who is dead.” Still, like many another great pioneer, Augustus Harris, in opening up the road, would surely wish that those who follow him would maintain what he had so splendidly established.

Another interesting last appearance was that of Miss Dorothea Baird, who previous to her wedding, now two days in the past, received hearty greetings from her audience on her withdrawal from a ten months' impersonation of the immortal Trilby.

Did space admit I should like to dilate on the garments worn by past-mistresses in the art of frocks at the Princess de Sagan's garden-party;

but more than a hasty mention of one or two leading ladies on the social footboard is not possible. One of the frocks worn at it is here reproduced, having also figured at our Sovereign Lady's companion function on the 13th—not from reasons of economy, be it well understood, though it is a Worth creation, but because it was thought



THE LAST CRY OF FASHION.

so eminently becoming to its fair wearer. An over-dress of real lace showed over a rich ivory silk skirt, made with godets to stand out at back and sides. Over this a Louis Quinze jacket of black and white Pekin silk, with a pattern of scattered roses, was embellished with fine black lace pailletted with real diamonds and fine cut jet. A hat of black crinoline, light as the classic thistledown, was set forward on the wearer's head, crowned with many-hued roses and four black plumes set jauntily on one side. Ten thousand pink and white roses were used to decorate the tables set forth for the Princess's guests, and that number of coloured lights over again were used in the gardens when the fête was prolonged far into the moonlight night, to finish with a magnificent supper! Truly the Gallic grand dame is to the manner born of entertaining. Another delicious dress was of white silk, with a spider-web pattern of black and green, frillings of black tulle set all around the jupe to about a foot from the hem, the same appearing at wrists, basque, and neck, a puffing of painted ivory lisse over a pink silk vest completing a triumph of the modiste's art. Goodwood is to be specially gay this year. All the smart frocks people have been at pains to create for Princess Maud's wedding will reappear in all their freshness at this literally "glorious" wind-up of the season's junketing. SYBIL.

"MY GIRL'S" GOWNS.

"My Girl," the new Gaiety piece, provides still another wonderful array of gowns for the edification of feminine playgoers, though the heroine herself, Miss Ellaline Terriss, wears two of the simplest frocks imaginable. The first is of white muslin, with transparent chiffon sleeves, and a softly frilled fichu draping the bodice. A red rose is tucked into the waistband of pink flowered ribbon, and her pretty fair hair is tied up with black velvet. An ideal "vicar's daughter" truly, with an ideal vicarage garden for a background, the door-porch hidden by thickly clustering laburnum, and tea-roses clambering over the gateway. Tall lilies mount guard in the borders, and when May takes possession of the rustic seat under the hawthorn-trees the pretty picture is complete. Afterwards she makes the sweetest of hospital nurses in a dove-coloured gown, with touches of white as a relief, and a quaint little bonnet enfaming her pretty face.

Miss Ethel Haydon is more fashionable, the category of her dresses including a beautifully cut riding-habit of fine black cloth, relieved by a brilliant scarlet waistcoat, and a charming gown of mauve silk narrowly striped with white. The bodice is arranged with bretelles of jewelled lace, continued in front into square zouaves, and has, moreover, a full vest of chiffon, and tight-fitting, rucked sleeves.

Her third and last gown (built by Redfern), which is worn in the second act, is particularly elaborate, the long-tailed Directoire coat being of white velours moiré, and the revers of the zouave front being trebly piped with turquoise-blue velvet. The same pretty trimming appears on the sleeves, and the skirt of white satin is bordered with fine white cord, which takes the form of lovers' knots and anchors. The costume is completed by a big Leghorn hat adorned with white ostrich feathers and pink roses.

Then there is Miss Marie Montrose as Rebecca, looking very piquant in a rose-pink silk gown, the bodice provided with the fashionable bolero outlined with lace. The sleeves are pretty—a great soft shoulder-bow of white chiffon forming a relief to the tight silken undersleeves, while a black satin ceinture fastened with diamond buttons is a notable feature in a very effective costume. Miss Montrose's hat of pink straw is trimmed with a foam of pink tulle and clusters of roses and mignonette. Her other gown has a skirt of powder-blue silk narrowly striped with black, and a blouse bodice of white chiffon, its soft fulness held in at the yoke by V-shaped bands of satin ribbon, and at the waist by a glittering belt of silver sequins studded with emeralds and turquoises. The skirt is adorned with many little rosettes of white and blue satin ribbon, and, indeed, the increasing vogue for trimmed skirts has received additional impetus from nearly all the Gaiety gowns.

Miss Katie Seymour is the smartest of maids, in a black frock short enough to show her slender ankles, and a frivolous white apron and "butterfly" lace cap; and Miss Ethel Sydney, as an up-to-date, bicycling, shorthand secretary, looks well in the first act in a smart costume of white alpaca, the short zouave bodice fastened with gold buttons, and a line of scarlet flashing out at the waist, while a rosette of scarlet velvet and a black quill catch up her white toque jauntily at one side. Her second gown, of grey moiré, is arranged with white satin appliqué of lace and many flashing steel buttons.

Miss Grace Palotta only puts in an appearance in the second act, when she looks lovely in a pale-green silk gown, the skirt adorned with a deep flounce of white chiffon and insertions of yellowish lace. The same airy fabrics are caught up on the bodice in pinafore fashion by knots and bows of deep but bright blue satin ribbon, and this is only one example of the amicable union of two erstwhile deadly enemies of colour. There is another dress where the bodice of white satin, embroidered with tender blue forget-me-nots and their attendant green leaves, is draped with cloudy folds of chiffon, pale blue veiling equally delicate green. The skirt is all composed of alternate bands of pale-green and blue silk, divided by rufflings of yellowish lace, and the whole effect is charming, its delicacy contrasting well with a brilliant green-and-blue shot glacé, where the trimming both on bodice and skirt consists of vandyked bands of bright-blue and green satin ribbon on a white satin ground. Each of these points is finished with a diminutive bow and a diamond button, and the accompanying hat is of cream straw, with green and blue chiffon, pink roses, and white feathers all combining as

trimming. Another most effective dress, of blue cloth, with sleeves and yoke of gold-and-blue shot silk, is trimmed with radiating lines of gold braid, which entirely encircle the skirt, and are each one finished with a tiny gold anchor. All these are Redfern gowns; and the "extra ladies" of the chorus, too, are gowned by the famous tailor in yachting costumes of blue and white serge, only one shade of blue being used.

For instance, a cream serge has a silk waistband fastened with gold buttons, and a deep collar of blue serge, with a gold and white anchor embroidered on one corner. A blue serge has a white satin collar, with its accompanying anchor, and a vest of white satin lined with gold and white braid; and another blue dress is made with full sleeves and vest of white accordion-pleated silk. One of the most striking gowns has a skirt all broad stripes, alternately blue and white, and most cleverly arranged in points, some relief being afforded by a blue zouave, though the stripes appear again on revers and cuffs. Sailor-hats or jauntily little caps are the order of the day, and, as a background to all this display of



[Copyright.]

MISS ETHEL HAYDON IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

sartorial splendours, there is an excellent sea-view, which makes one long for the holidays, while at the left comes the rose-covered verandah of the Porthampton Hotel. The fashions shown, too, are practicable as well as novel, so "My Girl" has provided us all with excellent models for our new gowns, and we should be grateful accordingly.

On the other hand, I have been making the acquaintance of those dresses for "The Little Genius" which were made by Miss Fisher, of Bedford Street, and have found them distinctly copyable. There is a grass-lawn dress which is particularly worthy of note, the sleeves and skirt arranged in wavy stripes of grass-lawn and net over satin. The bodice is adorned with exquisite embroidery and sashed with coolest green, and a green straw hat is worn, trimmed with cherries and rose-pink ribbon. Another lovely gown, of blue crêpe with a chiné design of roses, has a skirt-panel of paler blue satin embroidered with roses, and a bodice of gold tissue half-veiled with the crêpe, while a yellow satin skirt boasts of a panel of white moiré velours, where an appliqué of yellow and mauve hand-painted satin is studded with amethysts and gold sequins.

I also liked the effect of a forget-me-not blue silk combined with apricot satin and lace which is showered with diamonds; and another blue gown, this time emulating the hue of the turquoise, has a skirt of moiré velours, with side-panels of darker blue satin, which is worn with a double-breasted satin bodice cut short to the waist and adorned with smartly cut revers and a great collar of yellowish lace, turned back from a cravat bow of foamy chiffon. FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 28.

The glut of money appears to have no end, and, so far, improved trade has not been able to raise rates. The only disturbing factor, as far as one can see, is the impending Russian loan, but we doubt if it will have much effect.

The Home Railway dividends so far announced are very satisfactory from the shareholders' point of view, although some of the extravagantly sanguine expectations in which people indulged have not been fulfilled. The chief feature has been the strength of the Chatham stocks, on the expectation that the first pref. will get their dividend in full. Our second preference tip was not a bad one, after all.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

The newspapers during the past week or two have been favoured by a Mr. James Webster with numerous letters criticising the scheme of the Commercial Bank of Australia for a readjustment of the existing terms of the arrangement with its creditors made in April 1893, after the suspension of the bank. We have already expressed our opinion that, while the necessity is very much to be regretted, the scheme has been framed on equitable lines; and we have given our reasons for advising the depositors to give their assent to it. We shall not go over that ground again, but we have a few remarks to make about the action of this Mr. James Webster, and to make these properly intelligible it is necessary to recapitulate the circumstances to a certain extent.

The scheme is supported by a London, a Glasgow, and an Edinburgh committee, to all of which Mr. Robert Harper, the accredited delegate of his colleagues on the Australian Board, has given the fullest information as to the position of the bank, and the grounds on which they arrived at that decision are fully set forth in the documents which have been sent out to those concerned. In those documents—which include full lists of the members of the three committees concerned—we do not see the name of any Mr. Webster; but, nevertheless, Mr. James Webster describes himself as Chairman of the Committee of Depositors in London. It is, we think, not unlikely that Mr. Webster's letters obtained publicity in some quarters under the erroneous impression that the committee over which he presides is the one which joined in the negotiations with Mr. Harper, and by that gentleman was initiated into the particulars of the bank's affairs.

Mr. Harper has dispelled that idea by a circular in which he states that "the only London committee which has inquired into the affairs of the bank, and is, consequently, competent to give an authoritative opinion based on the actual facts, is the influential one representative of the English depositors which acted in conjunction with similar committees in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and before whom I laid the fullest information as to the bank's position. These committees, after mature consideration and inquiry, extending over two months, unanimously approved of the scheme in their report." Note Mr. Webster's retort to this. He says that his committee was formed long before Mr. Harper's arrival in London, and before the committees which the bank has elected to consult were in existence. And he goes on to say that "the fact is ignored that the depositors have never been afforded an opportunity of directly electing committees for the present purpose, and that all are voluntary." Now, seeing that Mr. Webster is writing in this strain, we should like to ask him to state who elected his own committee, "over which he has the honour to preside?" And, still more urgently, we would ask, Who are the gentlemen composing that committee? As the recognised committees are held up to obloquy as being "voluntary," we presume that this one is "involuntary"; but that does not seem a thoroughly adequate reason for withholding the names of the members. We may have to revert to this matter. In the meantime we ask Mr. Webster to explain, for the guidance of the creditors as whose champion he poses, the date of the public meeting at which he and his colleagues were appointed, and who those colleagues are.

THE CHARTERED COMEDY.

The way in which the directors of the British South Africa Company are behaving is very funny to the disinterested onlooker, but the shareholders must be coming to the conclusion that the joke is being carried a little too far. Low comedy palls after a time. They were under the necessity of raising a lot of money, and some "large financial houses in the City came along and said they would lend it on 5 per cent. debentures at 97½." The directors seem to have thought that this was a splendid idea, and so they closed with the offer. So proud were they of the achievement that they told a news agency all about it, and the news agency circulated the information, and by this means the shareholders came to know that their property had been mortgaged to outsiders without their having been given the chance of supplying the money themselves and without the courtesy being shown them of direct information as to what had been done.

There was, naturally, an outburst of indignation. Chartered shareholders did not care to buy their own debentures from the large financial houses at a higher price than these houses had paid, and so the price went off, with the result that the debentures could be obtained in the open market at a lower price than that at which they had been issued. Such being the state of affairs, the directors perpetrated what, on the face of it, looks like a studied insult to the shareholders. They calmly

announce that "as certain shareholders have expressed a wish to subscribe for the debentures, some of the subscribers have offered to place a certain amount of the issue at the disposal of shareholders desiring to participate. . . . The terms will be the same as those paid by original subscribers, namely, £97 10s. per cent."

In this proposal there is, or there is assumed to be, Arcadian simplicity somewhere. Any quantity of hypotheses may be suggested. Perhaps the Directors did not know that any shareholder desirous of subscribing for the debentures would be an idiot if he did so under the circumstances attending the offer, seeing that he could buy them cheaper in the market, and need not pay anything until the special settlement. Perhaps, on the other hand, the Board cherished the fond delusion that this *reductio ad absurdum* would convince the indignant shareholders that there had been no blunder perpetrated in the original deal.

As we said last week, the shareholders lost nothing, as it happened, by the curious way in which the debentures were issued. Perhaps they have gained something in the lesson given to the Board.

LAGUNAS NITRATE.

It is not an edifying sight, that of the directors of the Lagunas Nitrate Company quarrelling about the terms on which the properties were acquired. It is a very perplexing problem how to deal with the matter in a newspaper. First, we have a circular from four of the new directors, announcing their intention of calling a meeting to approve and confirm certain legal proceedings which apparently have already been commenced against the vendor syndicate and the directors who have occupied that position from the initiation of the company. That circular is published in the press. The matter would appear to be *sub judice*, except for the fact that the circular intimates the intention of the four directors in question to call a meeting of the shareholders to discuss the question. The three directors who are made defendants to the action along with the vendor syndicate, retort in a circular which is also made public, and in which, without direct reference to the actual questions at issue—which are also left vague in the circular of the four directors who have thrown down the gage of battle—they promise that at the meeting they will be prepared to meet "any and every criticism which may be put forward on the part of the new element on the Board, but abstain until these criticisms have been formulated and made public from entering into any discussion on the subject." Both parties to the dispute join in a strong request to the shareholders to attend personally at the meeting to be convened, and that certainly seems to be the proper thing to do if at all possible. But it is an extraordinary state of affairs for those who cannot attend in person that they should not know what they would have to decide upon if they could be present. At present all is mystery, and the penalties attaching to comment on matters *sub judice* prevent our dealing with the matter more explicitly.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Satisfactory as were all the early dividends, the market did not take to them very kindly. There seems to have been an impression abroad that the results were going to be phenomenal. There is not a single case up to the present where there was real reason for disappointment, but still the market has fluctuated in a way which showed at least a feeling of nervousness lest the purchases should turn out to have been on an excessive scale. It was curious to watch the effect of the first few announcements. The Brighton announcement was the signal for a brisk recovery all round. The Metropolitan kept the market strong for a few hours by its dividend of 3¼ against 2½; but it was knocked to pieces again by the Sheffield rate of 1 per cent. The Great Eastern and South-Eastern dividends were up to expectation, but they failed to sustain the market, which had evidently been working up prices on extravagant ideas. And then, the very next day, without rhyme or reason, and without the announcement of any further dividends, quotations again became firm. Prices will soon readjust themselves to a normal level in accordance with intrinsic merits; but last week both investors and speculators in Home Rails seemed to be quite at sea, and did not know which way to turn.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET.

Things have not been gay in this section of the Stock Exchange, and, without anything sensational happening, prices have sagged away at the rate of ¼ or ½ every other day during the week. It is not because any bad news has come over; but the public seems to have stopped buying, most of the jobbers are away or closing up their books in preparation for going away, and there is a deadly dullness over everything. The best-informed people appear to fancy that about the middle of August we may expect an improvement, because for several years things have brightened up about that time; but, at any rate, it looks as if wise men would hold aloof at this moment.

INDUSTRIALS.

The only things which seem to excite anything like enthusiasm are Home Industrial shares, and, as in all such cases, the promoter is but too anxious to take advantage of the opportunity and offer any rubbish he can lay his hands on. The papers are full of new ventures, and the City is no less full of rumours as to others which are in course of incubation. We trust our readers will be very careful in subscribing

for most of the new ventures of this kind which are being, or are about to be, advertised. It will be easy to get into and very hard to get out of most of them.

The allotments of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, will be out about the time these lines are published; but the work of filling up some four thousand allotment letters and an equal number of regrets, to say nothing of return cheques, is a very big task. All small applicants for ten shares and under will, we are told, receive what they asked for in full, and the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, the newsagents, and *The Sketch* correspondents about one-quarter, or rather less. To give the general public any shares has proved a quite impossible task.

We hear of another and higher-class newspaper issue in contemplation; but the preference shares will only carry 5 per cent. interest, it is said.

BOVRIL.

Those of our readers who took the tip which week after week we forced upon them, and bought Bovril shares at about £12 or £14 each, have made a very handsome profit. We bought one hundred shares for ourselves, and have just disposed of them. The cost was £1200, and they have realised £2700, but we wish it to be understood that we see no reason for sale. The balance-sheet is most satisfactory, showing a gross profit of £147,000, and a net profit of £88,000, while the dividend of 20 per cent. for the half-year just closed on the increased capital cannot be anything but gratifying.

"ANSWERS," LIMITED.

This Company's meeting and the Chairman's speech proved an ample justification of the recommendation we gave to buy the shares at about £2 14s. 6d. Not only are they over £3, but the dividend is 30 per cent., with every prospect of improvement, and we know few industrial shares which yield such good interest and are so progressive as those of this company.

Liberty and Co. preference shares are also favourites of ours, and we notice the usual 6 per cent. dividend will be paid on July 31.

The following new ventures have come under our notice since last week's "Notes" were written—

Cowell, Craft, and Co., Limited.—A fair industrial venture, with a good business board.

The Tower Tea, Limited.—Ditto, but the yearly profits should have been given. The Darjeeling Consolidated Tea Company, Limited.—Better left to Anglo-Indians who understand tea-growing and can judge of the prices asked for the gardens.

The Merchants' Fire Office, Limited.—Better left alone.

Thomas Rea, Sons, and Fisher, Limited.—One of those investments which a wise man avoids.

The Alliance Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Dunallan Gold-Mines, Limited.—Most unattractive.

The Westralian and Randt, Limited.—The very get-up of the concern should be enough to warn people off.

Golden River Quesnelle, Limited.—There appears to be plenty of gold, but the difficulties of transit, climate, &c., are enormous.

The Golden Cliffs, Limited.—Better left alone.

The New Marine Rope Company, Limited.—We should not invest our own money in this concern.

The Savoy Hotel, Limited.—These debentures appear reasonably safe.

The C.E. Exploration Syndicate, Limited.—To be avoided.

E. Bishop and Sons, Limited.—To be avoided—very much so.

The Hill End Consols Mine, Limited.—A fair mining risk.

Bostock and Co., Limited.—To be avoided.

Associated Tea Estates of Ceylon, Limited.—A fair industrial risk. We have seen many we like better.

"GUTTER RAGS."

Every person whose name appears on the list of shareholders of even the poorest mining company is inundated with all sorts and conditions of things which, by courtesy, are called newspapers, but are generally designated by those behind the scenes as "gutter rags." These concerns live on blackmail and are used by the baser sort of promoter to puff the shares he wishes to sell. It is a good plan, and one which will save our readers many a hard-earned pound, to make a point of avoiding any shares which are recommended in *any* newspaper sent to them gratis. This may be a sweeping assertion, but it is only too true.

Saturday, July 18, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. P.—We prefer City and Suburban, which is a good mine. Transvaal politics alone cause anxiety.

L. D.—Hold both your investments, which are among the best West Australian concerns.

H. S.—We see no reason to sell your Brewery preference. If you sell, part with half, and put the money into Pearson's shares.

N. E. G.—(1) A pure gamble. (2) We think fairly well of it. (3) Ditto. We think Lady Shenton is the pick of Menzies, at least on this market.

MARKET.—There may be a Birmingham price for the shares, but there is no market in London. Ask your broker to inquire of his local correspondent.

G. C. K.—The concern you write about is a money-lending institution which 'ends on bills of sale and suchlike securities. As it extracts about 25 per cent. from its victims it can afford to pay for deposits. We advise you not to place money with it. Remember Barker's Bank.

C. B.—If you were a shareholder at the date of the winding-up there is no escape for you from calls. Wait till you are pressed.

INK.—(1) We should prefer—1, Imperial Continental Gas stock; 2, Tadmec Towers Brewery Debenture stock; 3, Trustees and Executors 4 per cent. Prior Lien bonds; 4, City of Wellington Waterworks bonds; 5, Arrol First Mortgage Debenture stock, and dozens of others. To tell you the truth, we would rather hold Pearson's preference shares than the debenture stock you seem so sweet upon. (2) We should hold.

F. H. (Canada).—Thanks for your letter. We do devote a good bit of attention to Colonial investments *when there is a market for them here*; but we think, on the whole, Canadian finance is very corrupt, and not to be played with by us Britishers without burnt fingers.

SERO.—(1) The price you name is about the fair quotation. The dividends are paid in April and October. The price is quoted every day in the Stock Exchange official list. (2) We should not care to hold the cycle shares you mention for an indefinite time. Take a small profit, which you will probably get at the special settlement, whenever that may be.

LITTLEFORD.—Thanks for your broker's letter. Under the circumstances you have very little to grumble about.

J. J. G.—By an error, our answer last week was September instead of December, which is the probable date for an interim dividend on Singer's.

ABDUL.—(1) We believe it is a fraud. (2) We doubt your getting a dividend this side of Christmas, but there are many worse mining speculations about.

E. F. S. W.—We only write private letters in reply to correspondents in accordance with Rule 5. There is no escape for you so far as the New Beeston Cycle Company is concerned unless you can sell your shares. You will be made to pay the rest of your money. Fifty pounds is the limit, and nobody can make you pay more.

UNWISE.—You want to lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen. We have a suspicion—only a suspicion—that it is a fraud. As to when the concern will start crushing we cannot say—we shall be surprised if it ever does.

SANDFORD.—Glad you are pleased with the purchase of *Answers* shares, which we should not have recommended unless we had known something.

RYOT.—We have a very poor opinion of the White-lead concern. We think there is no market, but will make inquiries and reply again next week.

AFRICA.—If you were, as you say, a regular reader of our paper, you would not ask our opinion of Chartered. Look over the back numbers, and believe we have no reason to change our opinion.

A. J. C.—Hold Dunlops until the special settlement is fixed. A "bear" squeeze is not unlikely. The French company was expected to come out this week, but we hear it is put off till October.

FOOL.—Our opinion of the touts you name is that they are swindlers.

LADY.—This is not the Cycling Column. We always ride a Simpson-chain machine, and believe in it. Send your "bike" to 119, Regent Street, and get one fitted, gear about 63.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The opera season is now drawing to an end, and the novelties naturally grow fewer and fewer. On Friday week Signor Lucignani was given an opportunity of making his debut in "Aida" as Radamès, and it must be confessed that he did not achieve any considerable sensation. However, he is scarcely to be judged by this occasion, for his nervousness was so extreme that there were moments when he made one wonder if he possessed a voice at all. He has evidently been trained in the most modern Italian school, which is far too devoted to the processes of the throat and too little to those of the chest.

On Thursday last Massenet's "Manon" was performed, with Melba in the title-role. "Manon" is an opera so delicate in its construction, so artificial in its effects, that you require a singularly apt cast for its adequate representation. Such a cast was obtained at Covent Garden, for it may truthfully be asserted that the performance on this occasion was the most complete of the whole season. This is not to say that it was the greatest or the most artistic. "Manon" is, apart from its length, a miniature opera; it is written in little, and to perform it well the scale must be carefully observed. Melba's singing was exquisite; she flew from mood to mood as a bird from tree to tree, and the quality of her voice has never been so delicious. M. Alvarez, as the Chevalier, and the Comte des Grieux were in superb form; and the minor parts were adequately filled. Mancinelli conducted his orchestra very skilfully.

WEST-COUNTRY POETS.

The besetting sin of the age is not neglect of literary merits. If a man does not receive a fair amount of recognition to-day, it must be because he is scornful or indifferent to popularity. I have before me a bulky volume called "West-Country Poets" (Stock), compiled by Mr. W. H. Kearley Wright. It is an account of about four hundred verse-writers of Devon and Cornwall, with poems, extracts, and portraits. Four hundred is a goodly number for two counties; but I am bound to say Mr. W. H. Kearley Wright is not exclusive. He gives the freedom of his country in the most liberal fashion. You may be a native of Norwich, but if you have written a verse on St. Michael's Mount in the album of a young lady of Exeter he would not have the heart to exclude you. His hospitality is, however, sometimes of doubtful kindness. A certain Miss Mary Margaret Davis, a native of a Scilly Isle, wrote some "Poems on Various Subjects" which it would have been more charitable to ignore than to treat with this insulting apology—"They have no particular merit; but, as she appears to have lived all her life in her native island, her opportunities for inspiration were few and far between." But, having admitted such a crowd of aimless, harmless nobodies to his intimacy—the lady who penned the "Lines suggested by seeing some little birds hopping about the feet of Sir Walter Scott's statue in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh," being rather distinguished—Mr. Wright has grown a little bitter. So, at least, it would appear from this *naïf* tribute to a really famous Devonian—"Charles Kingsley was one of the few men one would have liked to know." But the living young poets who have sent him cuttings from the *Marazion Echo* and the *Clovelly Watchfire*, with their photographs, will not heed this snub so long as they have a page or so in a volume that cannot spend many even on Coleridge.